The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND ★

December

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ANDREA LEEDS

CONFESSIONS OF A FALLEN STAR

LET NORVELL HELP YOU in YOUR QUEST for ROMANCE

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES IN CORSET WAR! SEE PAGE 24

Lovely young **JUNE LANG** appearing in "Captain Fury" a Hal Roach-United Artists production, features Silverware Service of the Stars on her table.

1881 ROGERS

by Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths presents..

The Glamour CHEST

Smart young brides-to-be and brides on a budget, too. "Glamorize" your table with the "Service of the Stars"! You needn't wait another single day! For at your silverware dealer's are the new Glamour Sets of 1881 ROGERS. Don't delay—make your selection today from the smart designs your dealer will show you. He will gladly arrange planned payments for you.

40 Piece Service for 8—including 8 Teaspoons, 8 Salad Forks, 8 Hollow Handle Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Dessert Spoons.
Chest is FREE with set

Complete 52 Piece Service for 8—FREE tarnish-proof Chest contains 16 Teaspoons, 8 Dessert Spoons, 8 Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Salad Forks, 2 Serving Spoons, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon, and, GIFT—a Pierced Pastry Server ($2.50 value) FREE.

Del Mar Surf Club Meadowbrook Janet

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AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT— LISTERINE, QUICK!

AT THE first sign of a cold or its frequent symptom, a sore throat, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

This prompt and pleasant precaution may spare you further trouble—and hasten relief.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

As Listerine Antiseptic enters the mouth, it kills countless surface bacteria. Then it reaches way back in the throat to kill millions more of the threatening "secondary invaders" on the membrane. These are the germs, many authorities claim, which complicate the original cold . . . give rise to painful and distressing symptoms . . . and may lead to more troublesome developments.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

You have only to look at the chart test data below to see how amazingly Listerine reduced germs on the mouth and throat surfaces.

Even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests actually showed bacterial reductions ranging to 96.7%.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds and Milder Colds

Now you can understand why so many thousands of people say that Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against colds.

With such germ killing results in mind, you can realize too, why clinical work on colds during eight years of research showed these impressive results.

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds than those who did not. Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, infections were less severe and of shorter duration than with those who did not gargle. Again, Listerine users had fewer sore throats.

Surely Listerine Antiseptic is worth using twice a day during the winter and early spring months when colds threaten every one. So we say: at the first symptom of trouble, Listerine—quick!—and often.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

"That's my method. I tilt my head well back so that the LISTERINE gargle reaches way back on throat surfaces."

Correct, Madam. It is important to kill as many as possible of the infectious germs that accompany cold conditions. They are the types, many authorities say, which are largely responsible for soreness, inflammation, and other symptoms of a cold.



"So often my throat feels better in a very little while. And I am also sure that I have taken sensible action against a cold."

An excellent precaution, Madam. Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of those troublesome "secondary invaders." Often its action gives Nature needed help in controlling bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces in the early stages of a cold.



NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS!

The two drawings at right illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine. 15 minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

IT'S A BLESSED EVENT *



WILLIAM POWELL
MYRNA LOY
IN
* Another Thin Man

with
VIRGINIA GREY • TOM NEAL
RUTH HUSSEY • C. AUBREY SMITH
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Good news, America! Nick and Nora are back in their newest, merriest, most amazing adventure—with Asta, and a brand-new member of the family! Wait 'til you meet him! It's the BEST from Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man!

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NOV -3 1939

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

December, 1939 Vol. XXXX, No. 2

HOW NELSON EDDY FACED CHRISTMAS EVE *ALONE!*

Here's a story about your favorite singing star never told before—a story incredible to those who know Nelson Eddy only as an aloof and dignified celebrity. Screen audiences who are right now applauding his splendid voice in the new musical romance, "Balalaika," will meet the man behind that voice when they read our exclusive feature in the next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine. As it is our editorial policy to present the stars of Hollywood as real people rather than publicity puppets we are proud to give you this timely story about Nelson Eddy. Also—

MICKEY ROONEY—GABLE'S ONLY RIVAL!

Don't believe it? Well, watch Rooney leap to the top in the next popularity poll; jostle around with the crowds rushing to see him in "Babes in Arms"—and then you'll realize the timeliness of our story about him in the next issue. We don't pat the boy wonder on the head—but we do acknowledge his importance in the film world and we explain why he may be the screen's next great star.

FEAST OF FEATURES IN BIG HOLIDAY NUMBER—GET JANUARY SCREENLAND—ON SALE DECEMBER 6TH.

PAUL C. HUNTER, PUBLISHER

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Andrea Leeds Cover Portrait by Coburn, Goldwyn—United Artists

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $1.50 in Canada; foreign $2.00. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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Printed in the U. S. A.

Hot from Hollywood



Muriel Angelus, above, who makes her film bow in "The Light That Failed," and Linda Ware, above right, young singer who made her screen début in "The Star Maker," are two promising newcomers.



Mary Martin, right, Broadway's contribution to the movies, will début in "Gay Days of Victor Herbert" on the screen. Wonder if Mary's heart still belongs to Daddy now that she is in Hollywood?



Keep your eye on these cute newcomers! They're going places on the screen—better watch for 'em!

THREE CHARMING NEWCOMERS!

NELSON EDDY tells a very funny story about what really happened one day while he was making retakes on "Balalaika." The retakes were scenes from the whole picture, and the characters had to be sure that the clothes and props matched the previous shooting. Because Nelson, all through the picture, had been practicing feats of extraordinary magic, he unconsciously crowned his achievements on this particular day. The character man who played the Russian innkeeper was looking for the beard that he had worn in the previous scenes, and no one seemed sure that the one the make-up man had put on him was the identical one, and they knew the camera would show it up. Nelson made the suggestion that he thought that it was the right beard, but that it wasn't parted as it should be, in the middle. Then, to show what he meant, he parted the beard, and out jumped a large, lively grasshopper. No one was more surprised than Eddy, although everyone present thought it was just some more of his magic. But it wasn't a trick; the only explanation seemed to be that the beard had been used several years ago in the locust swarm while making "The Good Earth." The grasshopper had lived in there comfortably ever since, including the time he was appearing, undercover, on the face of the innkeeper all through the filming of the picture, "Balalaika."

DIRECTOR W. S. Van Dyke tells this one on Myrna Loy. He found out, suddenly, that he was going to need her on the set after he had told her the day before that she wouldn't be needed. So his secretary called Myrna's home only to find that she was out. Van Dyke explained to Florence Thomas, his efficient helper, how important it was, and instructed her to call again. She did, and at least five times more, and found no Miss Loy, and couldn't find out from the obstinate maid where she had gone. Finally in desperation Van Dyke, himself, got on the telephone and insisted on knowing where Miss Loy was. The maid still wouldn't tell, but confessed she wasn't shopping, or just out for a drive, but was doing something she liked more than anything else, and Myrna's faithful employee stated that she just wasn't going to get in bad with Myrna, or go back on any of her promises, by telling where Miss Loy was. It took someone even more important than Van Dyke to assure the maid they would square her with Myrna, and she had to come through. She finally confessed that if they *had* to know, Myrna was over at Walt Disney's watching him make pictures, and she sure was going to be mad if they called her away.

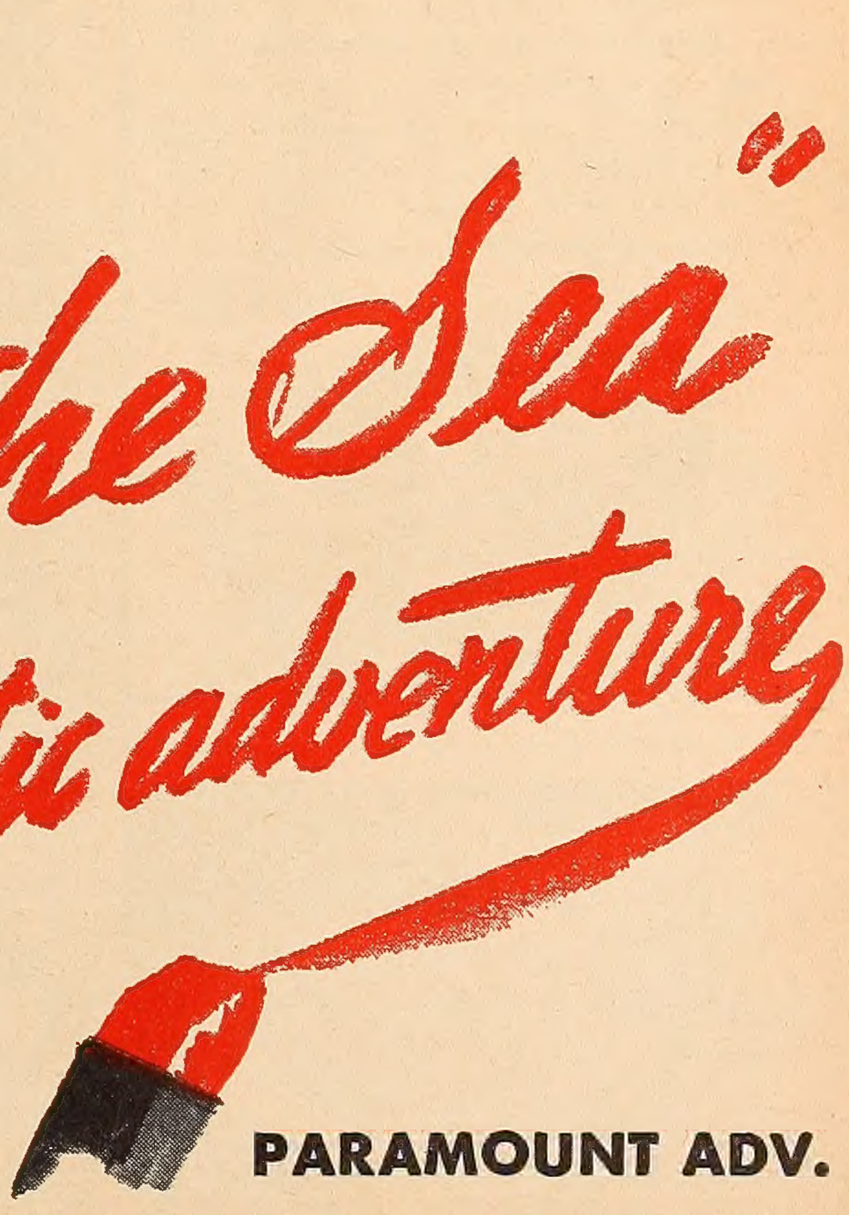
THE reason that Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor won't give out any information about the young boy they've taken into their home, and announce whether they've adopted him or not, is because they have not legally made him their son, and they don't intend to. However, he is about the luckiest young fellow in Hollywood. He calls the Pryors Uncle Roger and Aunt Ann, and he came to them in a most unusual way. His personality has won him many advantages for his comparatively few years. He first met Ann when he walked all the way from the outskirts of Dallas, Texas, to her hotel in the heart of the city, where she was visiting Roger, to thank her for the aid she had given his needy family. He was amazingly straightforward, sincere, and honest, and Ann found that he intended to walk all the way back home after delivering his message. Both Ann and Roger were charmed with him immediately. She got permission from his mother to attempt to help him, and the large family, in some way. Ann has brought him out here and will help educate him. He is very musical and he's getting piano lessons and every other conservative advantage both Roger and Ann can give him. He writes a long, glowing letter to his mother every week telling her what wonderful things he's been doing. Ann and Roger know that their attempt to help him has made them happier than anything they have ever done.

He must take me to see these

"The Cat and the Canary
for laughs & thrills

"Disputed Passage
for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea"
for a romantic adventure



PARAMOUNT ADV.

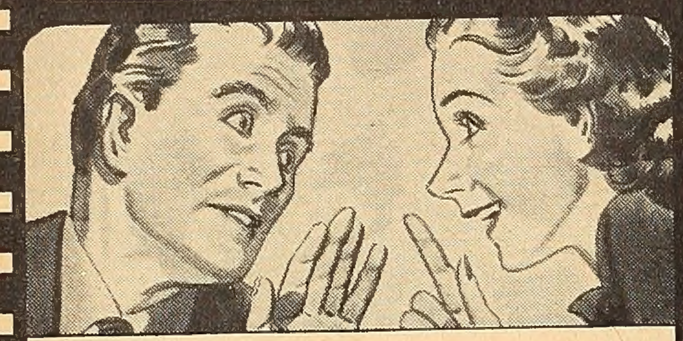
EX-LAX MOVIES

"Mr. Wright found out he was Wrong!"



MR. WRIGHT: Gee, Honey, this stuff is awful! Why do all laxatives taste so bad?

MRS. WRIGHT: All of them don't. Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate.



MR. WRIGHT: Ex-Lax? That's all right for you and Junior, but I need something stronger!

MRS. WRIGHT: No, you don't! Ex-Lax is as effective as any bad-tasting cathartic.



LATER

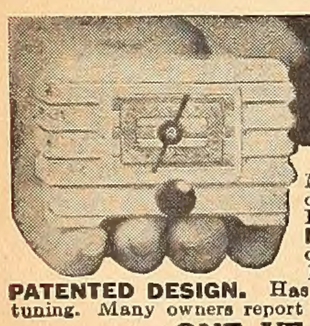
MR. WRIGHT: I sure am glad I took your advice. It's Ex-Lax for me from now on.

MRS. WRIGHT: Yes, with Ex-Lax in the medicine chest we don't need any other laxative!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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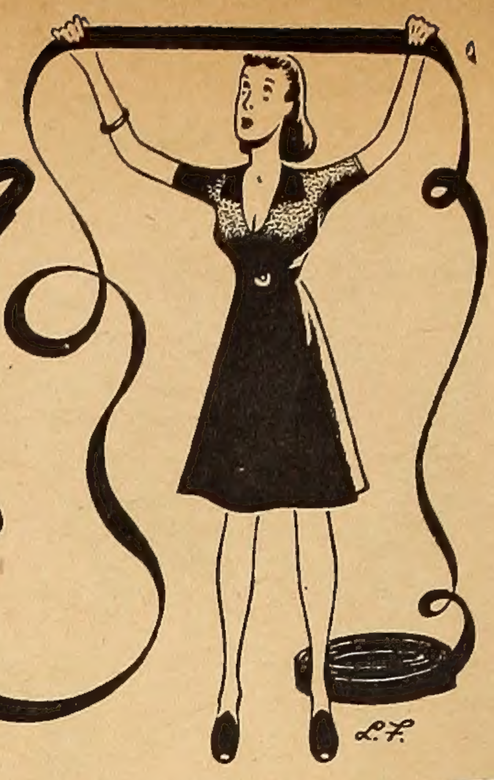
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Tagging the Talkies





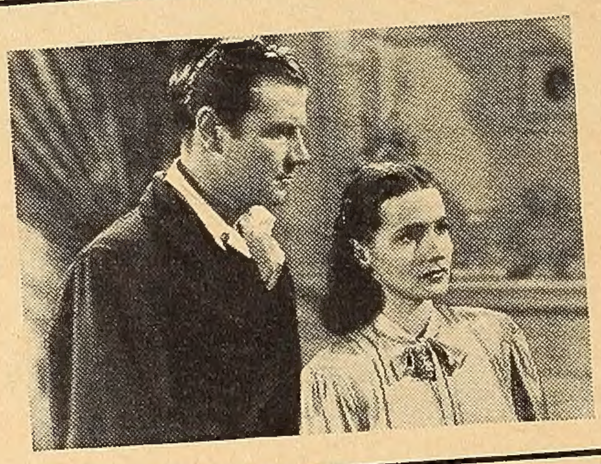
Nurse Edith Cavell—RKO-Radio

A powerful, stirring drama based on the story of *Edith Cavell*, English World War nurse who was executed by the German military in Brussels in 1915 for aiding the escape of Allied soldiers. Film suggests propaganda, but it is a beautiful tribute to a national heroine. Anna Neagle plays the tragic, glamorless *Cavell* with reverence, and her beauty brings charm to a depressing rôle. Zasu Pitts, Edna May Oliver, May Robson in cast.



Rio—Universal

This tale of a French capitalist who's sent to a tropic penal colony when his financial empire, built on fraud, collapses, has Basil Rathbone as the fascinating plunderer; Sigrid Gurie, the wife he leaves in care of his trusted friend Victor McLaglen; and Robert Cummings, who gives a breezy performance as engineer with whom Sigrid falls in love. Unconvincing, but entertaining. Proves Gurie is one of screen's most glamorous girls.



Espionage Agent—Warners

Preparedness is the keynote of this film which preaches against alien spy activities in this country and the lack of laws to cope with the situation. Joel McCrea is excellent as the young diplomat who runs afoul of enemy agents interested in our national defense and industrial secrets, when he falls in love with Brenda Marshall, beautiful refugee and ex-spy. It's a timely thriller with an appealing love story woven in with the propaganda stuff.



Full Confession—RKO-Radio

A well-told melodrama, built around the inability of a priest to disclose information obtained in the confessional. It concerns a man who commits murder while trying to steal a fur coat for his sweetheart, Sally Eilers. The slow-witted, blustering Irishman, who recants a confession made to a priest, is a made-to-order rôle for Victor McLaglen. If you can forget his criminal movie past, Joseph Calleia is convincing as *Father Loma*.



Parents On Trial—Columbia

The problem of parental discipline and puppy love is dealt with and a solution offered in this film in which narrow-minded parents are blamed for misdemeanors of their children. Jean Parker is the daughter whose stern father, Henry Kolker, makes life unbearable for her; Johnny Downs is also victim of a stern parent. Linda Terry's trusting mother is shown for contrast. Noah Beery Jr. is in cast. Teen-agers may not mind weak plot.

Tagging the Talkies



The Day the Bookies Wept
RKO-Radio

A zany race horse farce which is a man's picture, but has plenty of laughs for any audience. A group of cabbies believe that owning a horse is the only way to beat the game, and elect Joe Penner to train the nag because of his experience with pidgeons. (Wait until you see Joe's birds do their stuff. It's a riot.) The nag loses regularly, but wins the day he gets tipsy on beer, and cabbies cash in.



Blackmail
M-G-M

Bitter because he's serving a sentence for a crime he didn't commit, Edward G. Robinson, as the convict, again escapes to track down Gene Lockhart, real criminal who tricked him out of property and revealed his identity, after Robinson had set up life anew as an oil well fire-fighter. Their meeting at the burning oil wells is exciting and scenes showing the extinguishing of fires are spectacular.



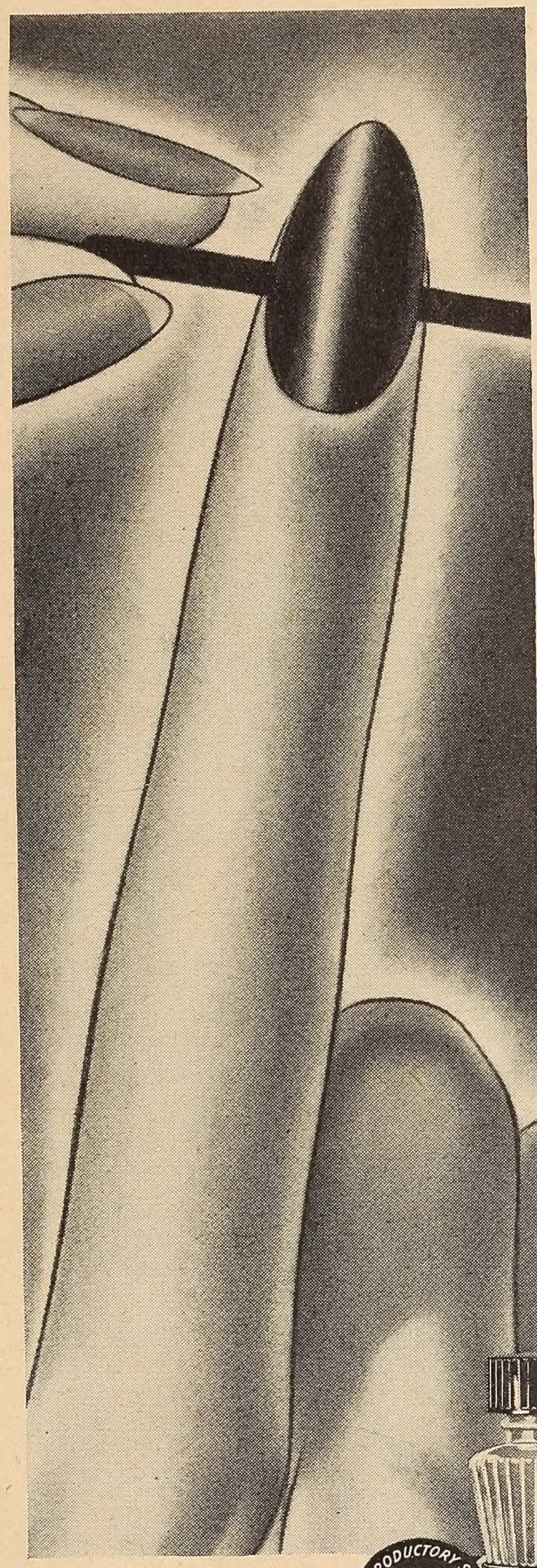
The Man They Could Not Hang
Columbia

This weird tale has Boris Karloff, minus monstrous make-up, as a scientist who believes he can restore life after death with an artificial heart. A medical student volunteers for the experiment, but before Karloff can complete the test, he's arrested and hung for the murder. A friend claims his body and brings him back to life. He then seeks revenge. It's like a bad dream. Will give you chills. Karloff good.

Get my FREE "Magic Fingertips"

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Lucky Nail Polish Shade!



says Lady Esther

Amazing new way to try all 12 shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish without buying a single bottle!

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For these Magic Fingertips, almost incredibly like the human nail, are made of celluloid and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish —*the actual polish itself!*

How to Find Your Lucky Shade

You slip them on over your own fingernail . . . one at a time . . . holding the slender side tabs. Quickly you find the shade that's loveliest on your hands, smartest with your costume colors. And my 12 Magic Fingertips are yours *free!* Just send me the coupon below.

Once you have found your lucky colors in Lady Esther's 7-Day Polish, your nail polish problems are ended! For here is a cream nail polish of amazing superiority . . . a *new kind* of cream nail polish that actually triumphs over chipping, peeling and cracking for 7 long days. And all you need apply is *one* sparkling coat!

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Lady Esther's

7-DAY NAIL POLISH

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Leslie Howard with newcomer Ingrid Bergman in a scene from "Intermezzo—A Love Story."



To Leslie Howard's lovely new screen heroine in "Intermezzo"—Ingrid Bergman—our highest award! No mere intermezzo, though, this girl—she's a whole symphony of sensitive emotion and rare appeal

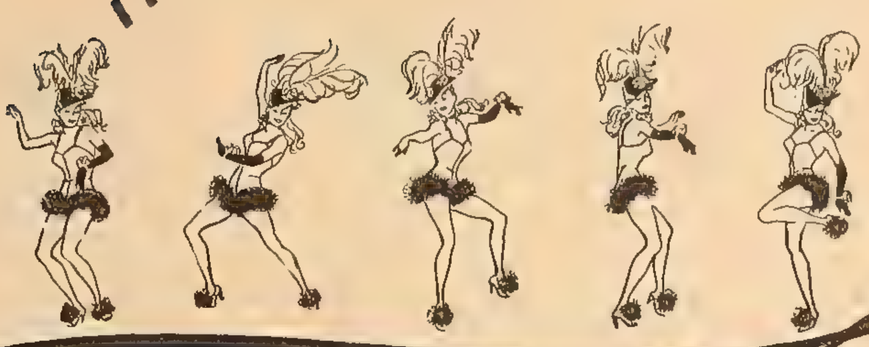
GREATEST screen discovery in several seasons is Swedish actress Ingrid Bergman, brought to Hollywood to appear opposite Leslie Howard in David O. Selznick's "Intermezzo—A Love Story," and immediately hailed as a hit. Very young, fresh, vibrant, she is reminiscent of Katharine Hepburn in her first film, "A Bill of Divorcement"; but Bergman is warmly sympathetic where Hepburn is brittle; wholly devoid of distressing mannerisms—yet as personally poignant as any glamor girl. Call her another Garbo, or a beautiful 1940 Hepburn, if you will; we call her—Ingrid the First, and urge you not to miss her.

Screenland Honor Page

IT'S ZENSATIONAL!

IT'S ZINTILLATING!

IT'S ZUPER!



IT'S

Lorina

SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the gal who put romance into dance — direct from the role in 'I Married an Angel' that made her the toast of the stage!

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ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes . . . it's on the way with loud, long laughs provided by

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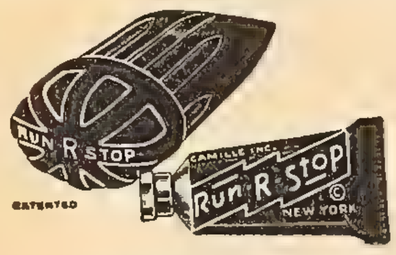
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INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES



Fun, good food, good cheer for Christmas! Your hostess, lovely Virginia Field

By Betty Boone

I FOUND Virginia Field sitting on the floor of her bungalow living room, looking like a little girl in her red dress with white dots, going through a huge box of Christmas decorations. The little-girl look was heightened by the excitement in her big blue eyes and the way her soft fair hair fell forward over her shoulders when she made graceful lunges at the dogs, who were trying to help her pull out lengths of red and green ribbon, silver cord, and bright trimming.

"I always do my own holiday decorating," she said, digging earnestly into the box to bring out a long white stocking jingling with golden bells. "I adore anything to do with Christmas! Last year I draped the whole ceiling in red and green and pasted charming cut-outs in a fringe just below. You know those little silhouettes of Christmas figures? That's what I mean. Then we had green boughs everywhere and silver stars and everything looked gloriously Christmasy—holly, mistletoe, and the big tree in the window. No, Happy!" she made another lunge after the tiny French poodle, who was making off with a strip of tinsel, then rescued a red wreath from Sir Launcelot, the spaniel, who flapped his brown ears sadly. "This year may be like last year. All my friends began coming in for Tom and Jerry before eleven in the morning, and we partied all day and had a marvelous time. I love Christmas with all one's friends about. But it's a time, too, to try to have some less fortunate people who might be alone in for a bit of holiday cheer. I shall do that."

Virginia's bungalow is in Beverly Hills, but it's a small one. She likes to have it crammed with her friends, it seems so "terrifically exciting." A contrast to the big country home in England, where her family lives. She has with her only "Nannie," Irene Best, who helped bring her up and now acts as Virginia's companion and chaperone and directs all the household affairs for her.

"Do come and see my table!" cried Virginia, leaping up to lead the way. "We've set it for a buffet luncheon, such as I'll give Christmas day. See the little Santa driving his reindeers to the little house? This is the famous bird pie, always served in the Field family, the jacket potatoes, celery, salad and fruit. *And* snap-crackers, it wouldn't be Christmas without them. I snap 'em all day long!" She picked up one of the gaily colored crackers and snapped it, pulling out a rosy cap and a small lead toy.

Jacket potatoes are our baked potatoes. The celery stood in a tall glass. "I never saw celery served on a flat dish before I came to this country," observed my hostess. "Nannie will tell you how to make the bird pie. She made this, and it's wonderful. We serve it cold for buffet luncheon."



Virginia Field has the true holiday spirit, as these home pictures prove. It wouldn't be Christmas without its special festive menus and all the season's trimmings.

BIRD PIE

1 pheasant
1 partridge
1 black cock
½ lb. veal
½ lb. lean pork
½ lb. lean ham
Large truffle
½ lb. chopped mushrooms

The "false meats" (veal, pork and ham) are all minced and the pheasant, partridge and black cock are cut up in neat joints. You line a deep dish with the "false meats" and intersperse them also with the birds. They are all mixed together and moistened with good stock. Then you make either a puff pastry or a raised pie crust.

RAISED PIE CRUST

1 lb. flour
6 oz. Crisco
Gill of water (¼ pint)
Salt to taste

Boil the water and the lard together. Add the flour and make into a stiff dough and let it cool before using.

Cover the deep dish with the birds in it and brush the dough with egg yolk.

(Continued on page 92)

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE MERLE OBERON'S

you'll find new complexion flattery in MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP



Starring in Alexander Korda's "OVER THE MOON" in technicolor

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, *Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!*

What enchanting new loveliness it brings—this amazing new discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied girls and women of every age and coloring and found that *eye* color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair—that the color of your eyes is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are *right* for you!

So whether your eyes are brown, blue, hazel or gray—it's *easy* now to select cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. For the makers of Marvelous have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick, keyed to the color of *your* eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, *natural* glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, *long-lasting* color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are *right* for you!



MARVELOUS
MATCHED MAKEUP
Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
My eyes are Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
Be sure to check color of your eyes!

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DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

IN TECHNICOLOR!

. . . from the great novel of adventure and romance when America was young!

WHEN TORCH AND TOMAHAWK SPREAD THEIR TERROR . . . AND FRONTIER WOMEN FOUGHT BESIDE THEIR MEN . . . THESE TWO BRAVED THE WILDERNESS TOGETHER!



starring

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • HENRY FONDA

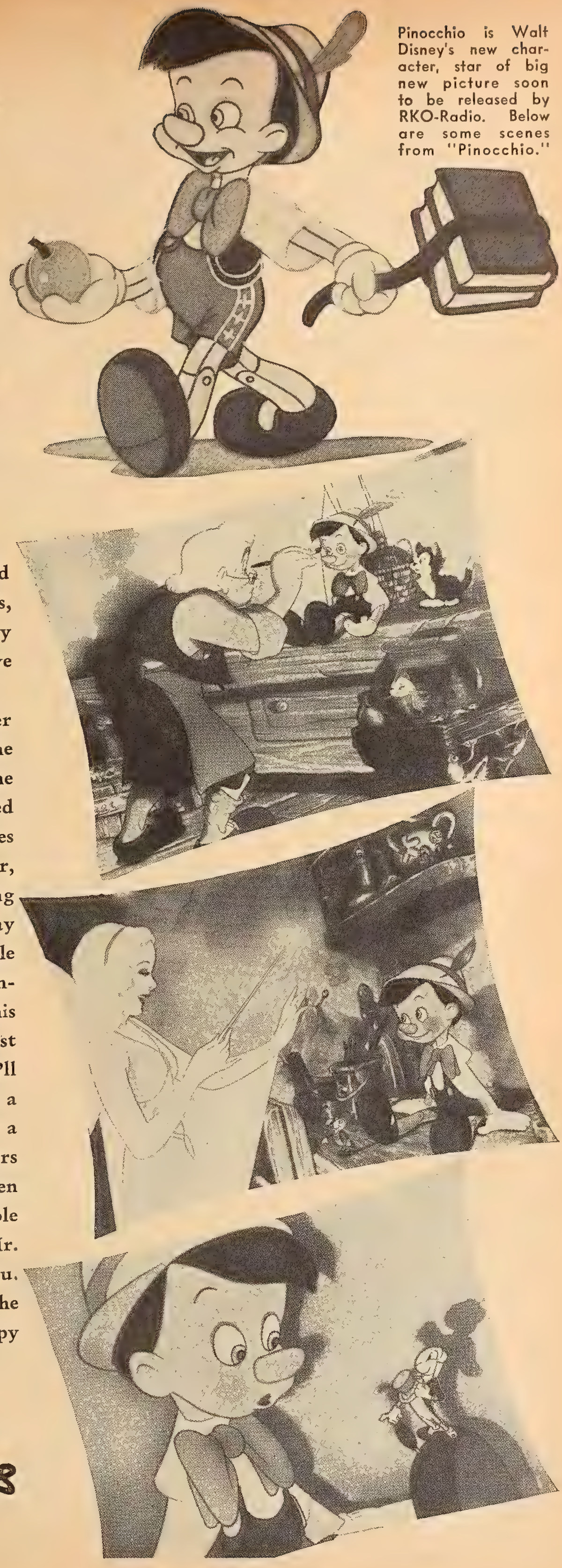
with EDNA MAY OLIVER • EDDIE COLLINS • JOHN CARRADINE • DORRIS BOWDON • JESSIE RALPH ARTHUR SHIELDS • ROBERT LOWERY • ROGER IMHOF

Directed by JOHN FORD

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien • Based upon the novel by Walter D. Edmonds

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Walt Disney



Pinocchio is Walt Disney's new character, star of big new picture soon to be released by RKO-Radio. Below are some scenes from "Pinocchio."

DEAR MR. DISNEY:

Thanks for Mickey Mouse. Thanks for Donald Duck. Thanks for Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, especially Dopey. And now, thanks most particularly for Pinocchio, who comes whistling along when we all need somebody just like him to cheer us up.

From the glimpses I've had of your new character creation, he's the cutest of 'em all. A little pine puppet who becomes a real boy at the wave of the Blue Fairy's magic wand, he gets himself involved in more adventures than Mickey Rooney, scrambles out of them with more charm than Tyrone Power, and remains through it all as guilelessly appealing as David Niven. I'm not being smarty when I say that at this time in a troubled world, when people most need innocent merriment and true entertainment, Pinocchio with his dauntless optimism, his quenchless courage, and his hope and faith and trust will make a lot of difference to the rest of us. He'll be everybody's boy friend or I miss my guess. To a screen robbed of David Niven and Charles Boyer, a screen glutted with stark realism and grim reminders of war, we will welcome your Pinocchio with open arms and hearts. Chaplin failed us by unaccountable delays in producing his new comedy. But you, Mr. Disney, are always right there when we need you. "Pinocchio," your second full length feature, is the best Christmas present you could give us. Happy holidays to *you*, too.

Gratefully,

Delight Evans

HOLLYWOOD

Catching up with the gelatine gods and goddesses in their off-screen moments when they behave like human beings



Alice Faye, complete with dignified new coiffure, loads of silver fox, orchids, and husband Tony Martin, comes to the opening of "Hollywood Cavalcade," in which she co-stars with Don Ameche. Alice got a rousing cheer from fellow stars in the audience and just plain fans. It was only a few days later that Alice's smile turned to tears when the Martins' new 15-room ranch house, first home they'd ever owned, burned to ground.





Richard Greene, sporting long sideburns for his new film rôle in "Little Old New York," with Alice Faye, escorts beautiful Virginia Field, his one-and-only girl, to the premiere of "Cavalcade."

Sonja has a new boy friend, Alan Curtis. He's the handsome lad who scores in "Hollywood Cavalcade." Big rôles await him. The little Henie girl's latest film is "Everything Happens at Night."

WHIRL

Broadcasting is a serious business, as expressions of Ginger Rogers, Clark Gable and Margaret Lindsay, in our picture at right, seem to prove. Good thing it wasn't television. The trio appeared in Screen Actors Guild radio show.



Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman



After the Gulf broadcast, stars of the radio show adjourned to Earl Carroll's restaurant for relaxation, and Ginger and Clark, above, obligingly wrote their famous names in cement on table tops.

Don Ameche, who plays a pioneer movie director in "Hollywood Cavalcade," talks it over with Stuart Erwin, who plays his cameraman in the picture, and the lovely Mrs. Erwin, remembered as June Collyer.





Stars above put on great radio show for sweet charity. Cary Grant, Mickey Rooney—don't miss the face he's making!—Ann Sothern, Judy Garland, and Ann's husband, Roger Pryor, master of ceremonies, at Gulf broadcast by Screen Actors Guild.



If you can keep up with the Lana Turner romance rumors you're a better sleuth than we are, and you win! The lovely Lana is shown above with Randy how-he-gets-around Scott—as they ringsided at Cocoanut Grove to watch Paul Draper dance.



At the Ice Follies, Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland made up a merry group. While Mrs. MacMurray is making Mrs. Milland giggle, something interesting is engaging Fred's attention. See picture at far right for answer.



It can't be possible, but it is: Jane Withers night-clubbing! Here's Janie, growing up into a right pretty gal, enjoying her first grown-up evening with Joe Brown, son of Joe E., at the Cocoanut Grove. Mr. and Mrs. Withers were their chaperons.



And who's this, who's this, in the exotic turban and generally sophisticated get-up, with director George Cukor in picture above? None other than our little Olivia de Havilland, at the premiere of "Elizabeth and Essex" in which Livvie appears.





Beset by malicious separation rumors, these two grand people, Jeanette and Gene Raymond, continue to laugh it off and have grand fun together—you can't fake grins like theirs, above. The Raymonds enjoyed the Ice Follies with the rest of Hollywood.

One of the prettiest youngsters in film-town is Helen Parrish, and for the first time social Hollywood is aware of her, as she steps out, above, with handsome Forrest Tucker. You'll see the Parrish eyeful screen-feuding with Deanna Durbin in "First Love."





After her hectic Clipper flight back to France to bring her young daughter to America, here's Annabella safe and sound and reunited with Tyrone, and Mr. Power looks pleased about everything at "Essex" premiere. Mrs. Charles Feldman at left.



Is she, is she not—Mrs. Cary Grant? Phyllis Brooks, squired as usual by Cary, attends picture premiere at Warners' Beverly Hills Theatre with long and lanky Jimmy Stewart who for once—wonder of wonders!—has no beauteous lady on his own arm.

And here's the explanation of Fred MacMurray's avid interest. Ann Sheridan, beau'd as usual by Cesar Romero, meets the MacMurrays for the first time at the Ice Follies. As usual, the "Don't Call Me The Oomph Girl" is the center of attraction.

NORVELL HELPS You IN YOUR QUEST FOR ROMANCE!



Read what Norvell, noted astrologer to Hollywood stars, forecasts for YOU this month

NORVELL predicted accurately for these stars born in the Sign of Sagittarius: Frances Dee's marriage happiness; Dorothy Lamour's divorce from Herbie Kay; Deanna Durbin's great success; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s divorce from Joan Crawford, and his re-marriage. His latest predictions are: another marriage for Betty Grable; an operatic career for Deanna Durbin, and marriage by the time she's twenty-one; continued success in career and marriage for Frances Dee; marriage for Dorothy Lamour in 1940; Grace Moore's return to pictures; and continued success for Edward G. Robinson.

"Do the stars show happiness for me in love and marriage?" Dorothy Lamour was speaking, and her eyes mirrored the uncertainty and anxiety that come at some time to all women in love. I had set up her horoscope according to astrology and was interpreting its mystical symbology. The news I had to reveal was not very pleasant.

"Your chart shows that you were born in the Fire Sign of Sagittarius, and that afflictions in the house ruling marriage will bring a divorce within a period of six months," I predicted. "There is nothing you can do to prevent this divorce. However," I assured her, "it is also shown in your chart that you will marry again in the latter part of 1940 and *that* marriage will prove successful." To date the first part of that strange prediction for Dorothy Lamour has come true. The rest will, I am sure, be fulfilled in 1940. From that time on, Dorothy Lamour became another astrology convert.

The Sign of Sagittarius includes all those born from November 23 to December 21, and it is true that they have had various afflictions in love and marriage for the past three years. The glamorous motion picture stars of Hollywood are just as subject to trials and tribulations as you and I. They too have their loves and heartaches, their joys and disappointments; and when doubt appears on the horizon of their lives, they turn to astrology for advice and guidance about their personal problems and the outcome of future events. Lately there have been many problems for those born in the Sign of Sagittarius

Screenland READERS Get Your Horoscope Free!

Send for Your FREE reading by NORVELL, noted astrologer who forecasts for Hollywood stars. Many believe that astrology furnishes the key to happy, prosperous living and it may help you to overcome many obstacles in life. Find out what NORVELL predicts for you. Fill coupon and send to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. F, Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS.....

CITY .....STATE .....

MY BIRTHDATE IS.....

Read about Norvell's amazing predictions. He will foretell for you just as he does for the screen stars



and if YOUR birthdate comes at this time, you may learn something about the planetary indications for your Sign by studying the lives of the movie stars born in Sagittarius.

Can astrology help solve our problems? Yes, it can. The indications of future events are clearly shown by the movements of the stars, and every single hour of the day we absorb the planetary rays that cause us to do certain things that have a direct bearing on the future. Those NOT born in the Sign of Sagittarius can consult the section below dealing with their birthdates to see what is happening to them this month.

There are several distinctive qualities that most persons born in Sagittarius possess in common. They are generally artistic, creative, and talented in many fields. They make good musicians, singers, dancers, and actors, but their ruling Planet Jupiter also gives them business ability. They often rise to the top in any profession where they contact the public and use their personalities.

Some of the screen's brightest stars were born in this Sign. One of the most outstanding of these is Deanna Durbin, whose birthdate is December 4. She has inherited from her Sign her glorious voice and scintillating personality. There is a strange coincidence about the way Sagittarius people inherit musical ability. Three singing stars, Grace Moore, Dorothy Lamour, and Deanna Durbin, were born within a period of five days of each other, but in different years, of course, and each star attained fame through the medium of her voice! This proves conclusively that the planets' radiations DO have something to do with human destiny, and that people follow a certain pattern in life when born under the influence of certain stars.

What of Deanna's future? Will she continue to possess the lovely voice and beauty of face and figure she now has? Will her screen career continue? What of love and marriage for Deanna? She is just reaching the age when a young girl's fancy turns to love—how will she weather the matrimonial storm, if any? These are the questions that thousands of Deanna's fans are asking all over the country.

Deanna Durbin's ruling star is Jupiter, a planet located millions of miles from this earth. In her chart at time of birth, Jupiter released its full creative power and impressed upon Deanna's brain a maturity of intelligence and harmonious pattern that (*Please turn to page 85*)

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., listens while Norvell interprets his horoscope, top. Doug's chart indicates that his second marriage can last indefinitely. Norvell predicted Dorothy Lamour's, center, divorce from Herbie Kay months before it happened and foresees another marriage for her in 1940. Norvell's forecast for Edward G. Robinson, above, shows continued screen fame and future success in radio and television.

Tough Guy? No— A *Softie!*

Behind his sleek and sinister screen personality there hides a great-hearted gentleman. Read all about *that* George Raft in this story

By Mary Jacobs

IF YOU want to consider George Raft in the light of the tough rôles he plays, that's your privilege. But before you pass final judgment on our sloe-eyed, fleet-footed star, I'd like to paint a picture of the George Raft I know, one that will help clear up some of the misunderstandings that beset the real George Raft. Let's go back for a quick look at his childhood, spent in poverty ridden Hell's Kitchen in New York, some thirty years ago. Still smarting from the impact of his father's hand, Georgie winced. "Pop had no business licking me," he thought. "It ain't my fault I get into trouble. What can a guy do around here anyway?"

His eyes surveyed the dark, damp railroad flat in the crowded tenement where the Rafts, or Ranfts, as they were then called, lived. With eleven children and pop and mom crowded into a small flat, there wasn't any room for a growing boy to play. Outside the blistering sun beat down onto the narrow street teeming with people, and it literally roasted one's back. What if the landlord *had* caught him swimming in the water tank on the roof used to feed the tenants their supply of drinking water? There was no bathtub in the flat, was there? How was a guy to keep cool and clean? And certainly he had meant no harm by pulling the string on the factory door that upset a pail of water onto the boss. Why, the boys all played this prank upon anyone entering the factory! Life, he concluded, as he furtively swiped the vaseline jar from the medicine chest and emptied three quarters of it on his hair to slick it down, was mighty tough. Some day things would be different for George Raft. Some day George Raft would be a gentleman, would speak like one and wear fine clothes. Then life would be one round of pleasure.

Today, George Raft earns three times as much as the President of the United States. He wears fine clothes, lives in a dream house. He has servants and lackeys galore to wait on him. But he has discovered, to his surprise, that life is not one round of pleasure. Somehow, he must have missed the right fork in the road. Gradually, as he battled his way up to be an ace picture star, he has deliberately tried to cast off the unpleasant associations, the uncouth habits and manners of his youthful environment. I think there is no one in Hollywood today more eager to do the correct thing, to be a perfect gentleman. Gone are the padded shoulders, the pants extending almost to his armpits, the flashy shirts and shrieking ties he believed to be the height of fashion when he came to Hollywood. Gone are the furtive manner, the drooping eyelids and half-closed eyes that viewed the whole world with suspicion. Today, though a trace of Broadwayese remains in his speech, it is speech which Raft has definitely struggled to make smooth, polite, and grammatical. His clothes are those of a conservative gentleman, faultlessly tailored, with white shirts where yellow plaids and green stripes blazed before. And no longer does George Raft smell like a barber shop.

For years I've watched George Raft developing, changing, deliberately rebuilding his personality. To me, he is one of the most paradoxical and touching figures in Hollywood. Take the matter of his early acquaintances. You and I respected him when he first came to Hollywood, and spoke openly of being

(*Please turn to page 90*)



A Friendship that's *Real!*

Yes, it's rare to find rival actresses chummy in Hollywood. Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan provide the shining exception

By Maud Cheatham



Maureen rehearses Virginia in her dialogue for the day's film scenes.



Maureen's favorite picture of Virginia.



And Miss Bruce's pet photograph of Maureen, with her baby son.

FRIENDSHIP—the real thing, I mean—blooms in unexpected places. The exciting background of Hollywood, with its excessive beauty, its exaggerated emotions, doesn't encourage that quality of loyalty and sincerity—yet, for ten years, Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan have treasured one of the most beautiful friendships to be found anywhere.

They met during those first bewildering days when both were striving to gain a foothold in motion pictures—Virginia from Fargo, North Dakota, and Maureen from Ireland. Side by side they faced discouragements that came before they won film triumphs, and always, that is *almost* always, they could laugh together. Their sense of humor is a strong bond and the friendship is built on amusing incidents that reveal them as lively girls, very real and human behind their Hollywood make-up and their glamor rôles.

Virginia told me, "Never will I forget the first time I saw Maureen. It was at the preview of her début picture, 'Song of My Heart,' away back in the summer of 1929. I was desperately tired that night, after working hard all day at the studio, so, slumping down into my seat, I was feeling very indifferent to the whole thing. Suddenly, the image of a girl flashed before me, a girl so vital that I sat up straight, with my eyes glued to the screen. Every time she looked at me I had the feeling that I knew her. Yet I had no idea even as to her name. Somehow, I had missed hearing about the little colleen the company had brought over from Ireland to play with John McCormack. The warmth of that impression lingered with me and when we finally met, my excessive shyness with people I don't know melted completely before it. We never went through the preliminary stages of 'getting acquainted' but started right off on the intimate basis of friendship.

"It's been such fun! Maureen is a whirlwind of energy and gay exuberance—she must have a bit of gypsy blood in her veins for she loves the out-of-doors so extravagantly, and she excels in all sports She's stimulating, but best of all she possesses a priceless sense of humor. Did you ever notice her contagious giggle? Even when I think of her I find myself smiling!"

Sitting in the nursery of Maureen's lovely hillside home, where she's enjoying her rôle of mother to little Michael Damien Farrow, she took up the story. "How well I remember my first glimpse of Virginia," she said, punctuating each word with her famous giggle. "It was at a party given for a bunch of us younger players and I was feeling very grand in a new pink frock. As I approached the hostess with all my dignity, I heard the kids behind me tittering and was so embarrassed I was about to turn and run, when a girl touched my shoulder, saying that someone had thought it funny to pin my skirt up in the back with a huge rose. She took out the pin, handed me the rose, and disappeared before I even learned her name. But then and there, I knew that someday we would be friends.

"Within a few months we were both signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and placed in the studio's stock company," continued Maureen. "Part of the duties of these beginners is appearing in publicity stunts and it was the day we were sent to (*Please turn to page 88*)

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES

THE Hollywood girls, it seems, are in for a tight squeeze. And—more's the pity—*not* by screen lovers Gable, Taylor or Power. But by, of all horrible things, a corset!

What with wars and threatened strikes and salary cuts life was hard enough, the Hollywood beauties complained, but at least life was comfortable. Now even comfort is shot to pieces. The fun (if you're a sadist and want to call it that) all started in Paris in the late summer when the dressmakers got together for their annual clambake and blandly announced that if Madame would be *chic* this Fall, and of course Madame would be *chic,* she would have to wear full-bosomed, tiny-waisted, and very, very hippy evening gowns. And there was only one way, alas, they said with a pretty pout and a gentle shrug, that Madame could get that required full bust, full hips, and wasp waist (they settled for nineteen inches, two up on *Scarlett O'Hara*) and that way was the corset. Not a girdle, mercy no, but that old-fashioned steel-ribbed gadget with back laces which used to make Edwardian ladies swoon, burst into tears, or rush out and bake a custard.

The corset was first foisted upon an innocent people by the salon of Monsieur Mainbocher (a little something he found in an old trunk in the attic, no doubt) and that's why you're very apt to hear it referred to as the Mainbocher corset. Couturier Mainbocher, in case you want to think about him pleasantly, or otherwise, when those bones are squeezing the daylights out of you, is a slim, blond young man who used to play piano for Cobina Wright, of *the* Cobina Wrights. He became the Paris Editor of *Vogue,* and later went into the dress-making business, where he immediately became a keen competitor of Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Balenciaga, and other biggies. He reached a delightful height in popularity when the Duchess of Windsor, she who was Wally Simpson, gave him the job of making her trousseau. Mainbocher did not "re-discover" the corset; to be technical about it, we have the stylists of Hollywood, and all those historical pictures of the past year, to thank for that. But he gave it the Paris fillip it needed.

Well, when the Hollywood beauties learned that corsets were here in the flesh (literally) and *not* a moving picture, a shiver of alarm swept over the entire movie colony. As you know, movie stars are recognized as the smartest dressed women in the world, and to live up to *that* reputation they have to follow the dictates of fashion, no matter how silly. With a few whimpers, perhaps, but for the most part cheerily, they followed such whims as the bustle, the snood, the wimple, the hoop, and the hobble; but the corset—well, there was just something about Mr. Mainbocher's stays they couldn't stomach. An anti-corset rebellion broke out in Hollywood the likes of which you have never seen.

Most of the stars recalled only too well all the money they had spent getting those hips *down,* and they certainly didn't intend to build them up now! And a nineteen waist—why, they'd turn blue in the face. But just to make it more exciting a few of the stars said they thought the corset very alluring and womanly, and if the new dresses required one of course they'd wear one. The battle was on. It was fought mostly over dinner tables and there hadn't been so much excitement and indigestion in Hollywood since the casting of "GWTW."



Let curves be unconfined, or hip, hip, away? Read what the picture pets say on following pages if you want to keep up with the latest Hollywood figures!

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

Barbara Stanwyck, left, shows you what it's like to be laced into one of the new (?) corsets. She's paid to suffer, for it's a scene from her new film. Joan Blondell, opposite page, says: "For the new evening clothes it is important for you to have a new figure. I'm all for it!"

IN CORSET *War!*

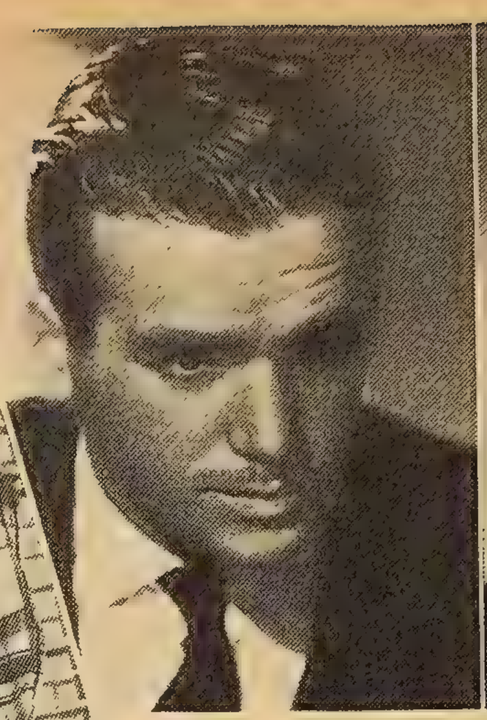


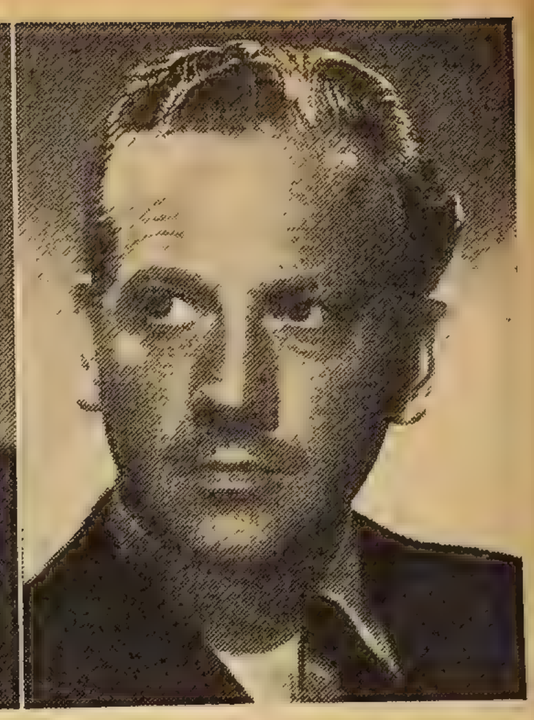
Joan Blondell leads glamor girls in most sensational fashion scrap of the season! To wear the new Paris corset, or stick to streamlines? That's the vital question!

Len Weissman photo



ORRY-KELLY, STYLIST (above):
"When women see how beautiful their figures look they'll all be wearing them."





DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR.: "Corsets? Certainly! Why not put them on the Nazis?"

MELVYN DOUGLAS: "I have nothing to say. They might try putting me in one!"



DOROTHY LAMOUR: "I would wear a corset on the screen if I had to, but since 90% of my movie wardrobe is made up of sarongs it's no problem for me."





JEANETTE MacDONALD: "I've worn corsets in so many costume pictures that this latest of fashion's dictates is not going to take my breath away!"

ALICE FAYE: "All right for great-grandmother but they don't go with rumble seats and swing music."

IRENE DUNNE: "I can't believe the corset vogue will last. Woman today want, first of all, to be comfortable."

JOAN CRAWFORD: "Not for me! Only lazy women who neglect their figures will wear them. They deserve the sentence of the corset."

Orry-Kelly, one of Hollywood's leading fashion designers, announced from his office at Warner Brothers that corsets were here to stay. Said Orry, "I have just attended the first Fall fashion show at Magnin's and everyone of the models were corseted. Their figures looked cleaner cut, and they all looked beautifully groomed. The Edwardian trend of fashions undoubtedly brought the corset back because these styles are all built around the waistline, which is trim and small. Naturally, everyone will complain about wearing corsets, just as



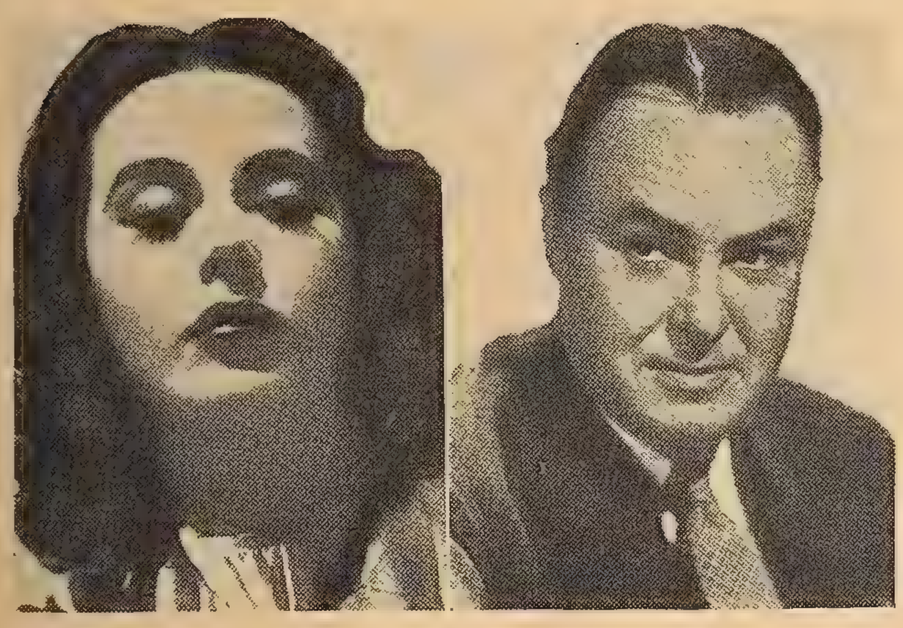


VICTOR McLAGLEN: "What do I think of corsets? No man likes to think of corsets!"

CESAR ROMERO: "I'd as soon dance with a ramrod as a girl wearing one of those!"



CAROLE LOMBARD: "Modern women are too used to comfort. I may have to wear corsets on the screen, but I'll never wear them off."



HEDY LAMARR: "I won't wear anything that hurts."

GENE MARKEY: "The corset? A relic of barbarism! As well bring back mustache cups and al fresco plumbing!"

they do about any new style. And of course the first corsets are probably going to be extreme, as anything new always is. But later on they will become more sensible. When women see how beautiful their figures look, they'll all be wearing them."

Joan Blondell proved conclusively that Orry-Kelly knew what he was talking about. "I wouldn't be caught dead in one of those things!" said Miss Blondell with a pretty sneer when a saleswoman at Magnin's showed her one. But she was curious, like most women, tried it on, and was so pleased that she bought it at once. You'll see her in one of those new full-bosomed, tiny-waisted evening dresses any minute now. But then, Joan is one who looks gorgeous (*Please turn to page 70*)



MARLENE DIETRICH (above): "I do not believe corsets are coming back. American women will not submit!"

MAE WEST: "I don't recommend corsets for soft-ball or tennis, but I do recommend them for indoor sports, man's variety!"

CONFESSIONS OF A



Once a $4,000-a-week star, now a Hollywood "Has-Been"—but he won't stay licked!—and that's why Jack Mulhall's frank story told here is encouragement and inspiration to everyone who ever had to "take it on the chin." He took defeat with a grin, now he's winning through!

SURE I'm a fallen star, an ex-star, a Has-Been who won't take the past tense for an answer and pleased to meetcher! Sure I once got $4000 a week, for quite a good many weeks, and now, when or if, I get $40 a week, I'm Midas!

I want to say right now, though, that if anyone expects my story to be a sob-story they'd better put SCREENLAND down and turn to the Elegy In A Churchyard or Lament For The Living or some such thing. Because this isn't going to be any squawk. It's going to be, as near as I can make it, a straight-from-the-Mulhall-shoulder account of how one ex-star got that way.

For let me tell *you* something, folks—I've got one possession now that is more valuable than all the cars and mansions and four-figure salary checks and servants crawling out from under the rugs I used to have. It's this: The ax can't fall on me now because—*the ax has already fallen!*

Sure, I once lived in a Beverly Hills mansion *with* swimming pool, tennis court, private projection machine, cook, second maid, butler, gardeners, chauffeur, valet and everything but a tonsil duster! And we now live, my wife and I, in a $70 a month flat with maid service thrown in. But when we pull down those shades at night we know that we're not going to be thrown *out!* When I walked out of my Beverly Hills home (and if I hadn't walked out I'd have been thrown out!) *Spencer Tracy walked in.* He was going up and I was going down.

Sure, I got stripped of everything I owned in the world except the clothes on my back and the clothes in my wardrobe. Only reason they didn't take those is because they can't take a man's tools away from him and an actor's clothes are his tools. No more elegant sack suits at $175 a suit, or tails at $250. I haven't bought a suit of clothes for five years. If ever you see me in that old, double-breasted, still-good blue job, you can be sure that Mulhall's going on an interview or has just been to the funeral of a pal.

I once bought my wife a genuine Bolivian chinchilla

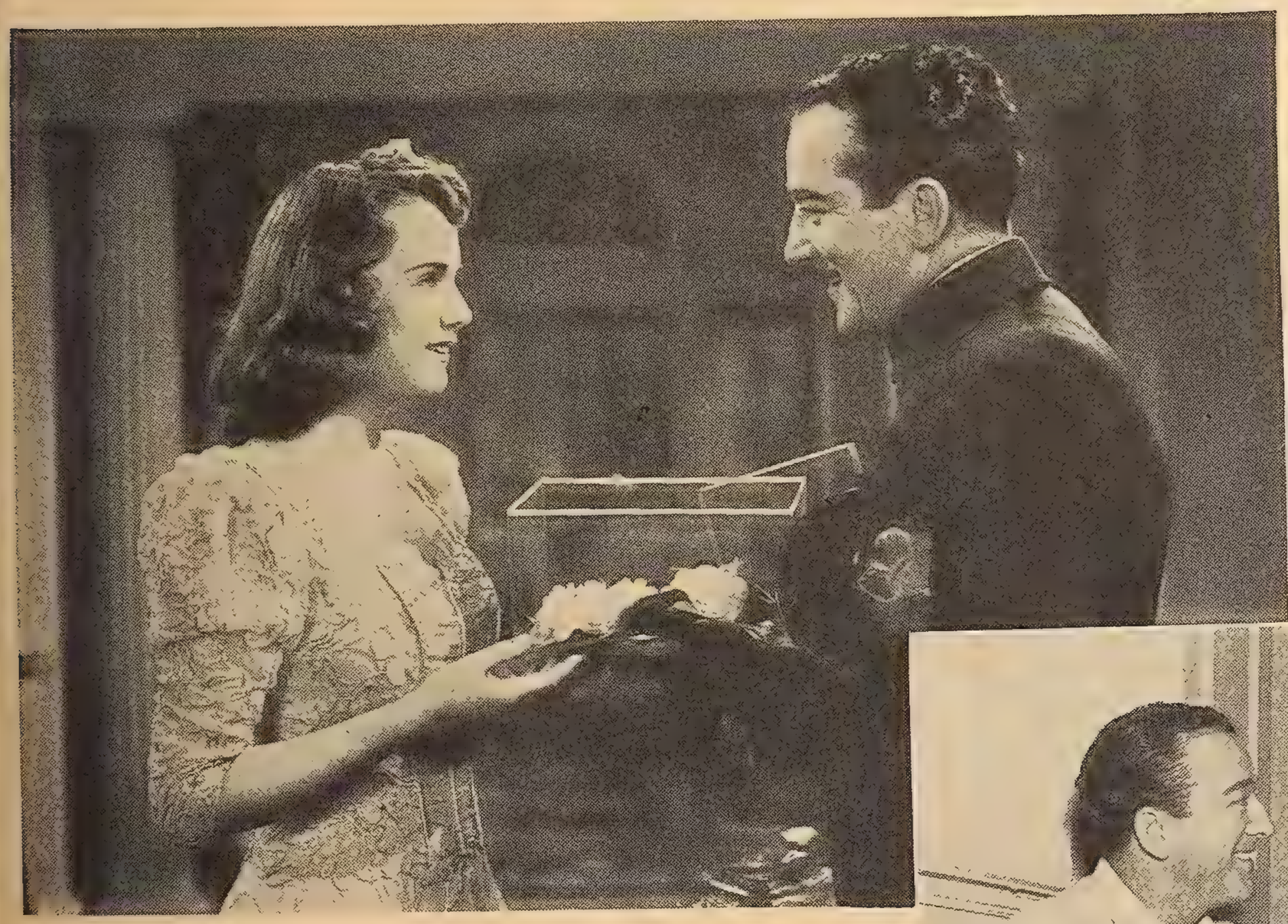
Some of you may remember Mulhall when he was one of Hollywood's great stars. At left, pictorial record of his palmy days: the familiar grin; the "mansion" he moved out of when Spencer Tracy moved in; then three scenes from his starring pictures: playing a dual rôle in "Dark Streets," with Dorothy Mackaill in "Children of the Ritz," and with Blanche Sweet in "Far Cry."

FALLEN STAR!



BY
JACK MULHALL
As told to
Gladys Hall

coat, valued at $35,000. It's gone the way of all good Bolivian chinchillas now. I don't know where it is. May be Lupe's got it. Who knows? My wife works extra now and thinks it's lovely work when she can get it. Her last job was three days work on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." She wears $14.95 dresses now and looks like the millionaire movie star's wife she once was. We ride around in a Ford car where we used to ride around in three cars, NOT Fords. We don't do any Troc'-ing for our entertainment now. We don't give any big parties or go to any. We only see Dick Barthelmess, Ronnie Colman and other pals of the Gold Rush days occasionally nowadays. But don't get me wrong on this—it's not any fault or any wish of (*Please turn to page 95*)



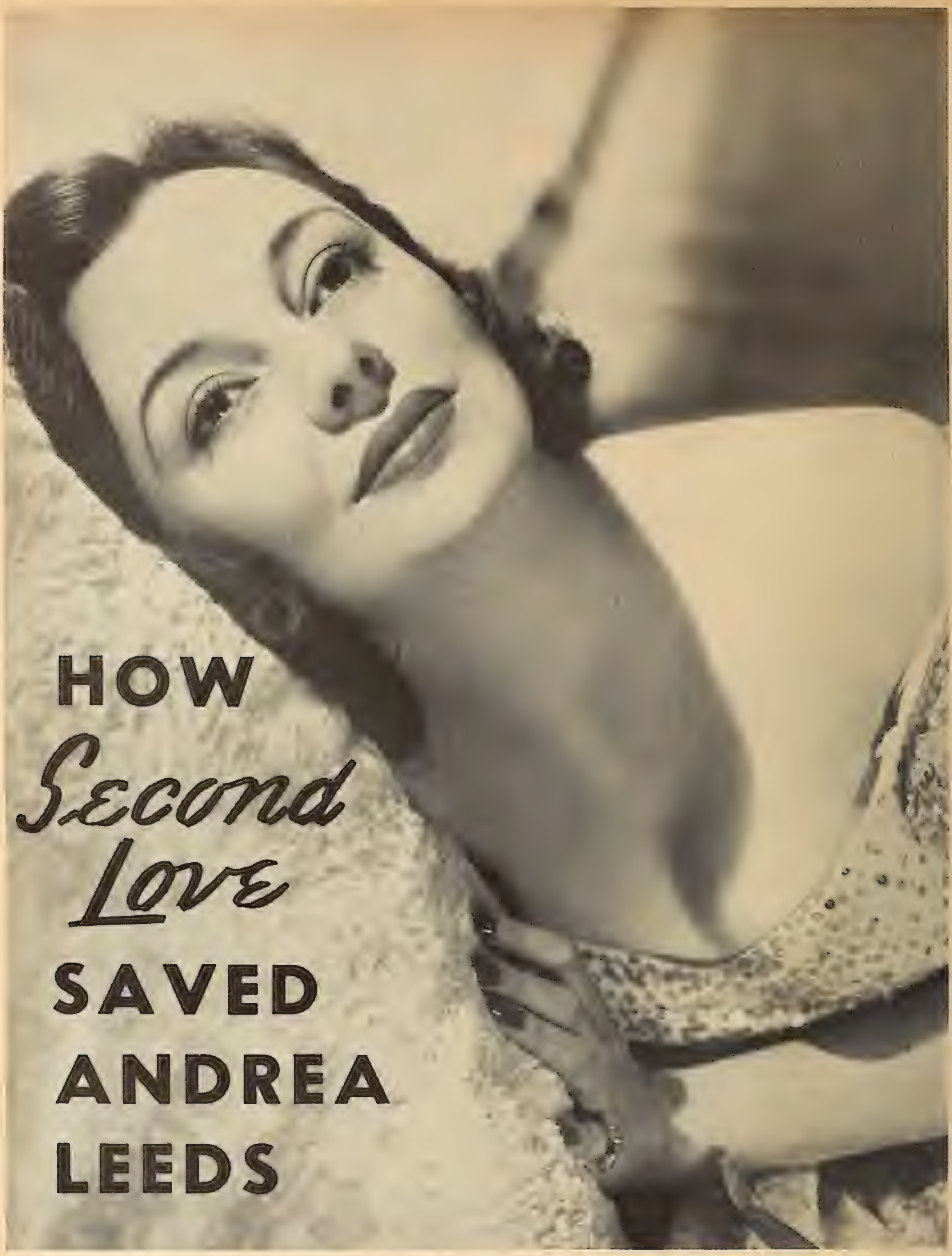




Today, Jack Mulhall is making a come-back in small parts such as he plays as Deanna Durbin's chauffeur, above, in her new film, "First Love." Right, with the friendly little great star of today, Deanna, between scenes. Upper right, the Mulhall who's faced Hollywood's worst fate—that of the forgotten actor.

now

Decorations by Leonard Frank



HOW *Second Love* SAVED ANDREA LEEDS

Movie star engaged to handsome socialite! Behind these headlines is the bitter-sweet story of a tragic first love, and the flowering of a perfect romance unique in hectic Hollywood

By Ben Maddox

IT BEGAN when she thought she would never get over the heartbreak of her first love. She was to have been a bride last Valentine's Day. The first great climax to her life was approaching, as she had long planned. They had faced their obstacles like sensible young moderns, courageously and wisely, and had conquered them. Then, appallingly, death stepped in and completely stopped her personal life. At least, Andrea Leeds firmly believed this until she met Bob Howard for the third time. Then, to her bewilderment, she realized she no longer had to put up a brave front against the sympathy of her mother and father and her friends. The months of emptiness were over. The strange prophecy on her dressing-table was coming true! The handsome youth who had been the keystone to her hopes had written across his photograph, unaccountably: "You will find another Me—I will never find another You."

Today Andrea, to her own astonishment, has found someone. Today she is actually happy again, deliriously so. She is to have all she ever dreamed of, and there are no obstacles in the new love story she is living. I have never seen such a changed girl as Andrea. I have never known quite as dramatic a denouement in a decade of Hollywood reporting. For this Bob is not only young, the exact age of the Jack who is gone, but he is equally handsome. Six-foot-three, most impressively broad-shouldered, with eyes Andrea herself describes carefully as "marvelously gray," he is, literally, the identical sort of man Jack was. Only besides possessing the same qualities that first attracted Andrea, he is several not-to-be-disregarded steps further along.

As Mrs. Bob Howard, Andrea Leeds will assume an enviable social ranking in California. She will be the only movie star ever to marry into exclusive San Francisco society. It is Bob's father who owns Seabiscuit and Kayak II, the famous racehorses. But fortunately for Andrea, being reared in wealth has not spoiled Bob. He is well educated and familiar with the niceties, but he is definitely not a rich man's idle son. Their courtship was a decided problem, since she had to work almost constantly and he had to commute eight hundred miles each time he'd leave San Francisco to see her. But because of her career Bob has moved South, and he is now busily managing one of his dad's big automobile agencies in Los Angeles. You have only to be blinded by the $25,000 diamond engagement ring with which he surprised her to be fully aware of how lavishly he is spreading his devotion at her feet.

Andrea is still in a daze when she recalls the night he gave it to her. "It was a Monday night, the evening they held the premiere of 'The Real Glory,'" she told me. "On the Saturday night before Bob said he was returning to San Francisco in the morning. 'But have you forgotten about the premiere?' I asked. 'What'll I do about it then?' He answered of course he hadn't, but he had some business to attend to Monday morning in San Francisco and he'd fly back in plenty of time. At six Monday evening he phoned that he'd be right out. 'I won't be ready until eight-thirty because we're working until after seven and I have to dress,' I replied from the set.

"When he arrived for me he took me by Billy Seymour's, for Billy and Jane Wyman were double-dating with us." Although Seymour is a leading Hollywood jeweler Andrea had not been suspicious when he'd gone North with Bob on the sudden trip. "We hadn't seriously talked about marriage. It was in the back of our minds, but it was something for a year from now. We'd decided we didn't believe in long engagements. So to say I was surprised with the ring would be putting it mildly! Jane already had her corsage on; she and Billy went on playing backgammon as Bob handed me my box of flowers. 'I knew you'd be late so I had it sent here,' he remarked casually. I remember him leaning against the mantelpiece then. I thanked him, and opened the box. There was another one inside. Inside it was another one. Bob walked out into the kitchen. I went on and on unwrapping. In the tenth box was the ring. A gorgeous marquise diamond! I ran out into the kitchen to him, laughing and crying. 'Will you marry me?' he asked. All I could do was nod. And then we kissed, and—well, that's the way it was!"

They discussed an elopement. "Bob is so well-balanced. He's ready to settle down. He's had his fun as a bachelor and he wants a home. He met me, and I was the girl he could care about. He wanted to get married right away. 'This is it,' he said positively. I knew it, too. But we didn't elope because we'd had so grand a courtship, it had all been so very normal and sweet that we agreed on a church wedding. A marriage should start off with your families' and friends' good will, we think.

"Bob and I didn't indulge in love at first glance. It shows you how Fate has things mapped out, our story. We're told we were introduced to each other two years ago, and neither of us can recall where! Soon after I went to Del Monte for a (*Please turn to page 78*)



Andrea Leeds and her fiance, Bob Howard—one look at this picture, made exclusively for SCREENLAND, and you'll see why even cynical Hollywood is saying, "Lucky boy and lucky girl!" Andrea will be the only motion picture star ever to marry into exclusive San Francisco society.

Coburn





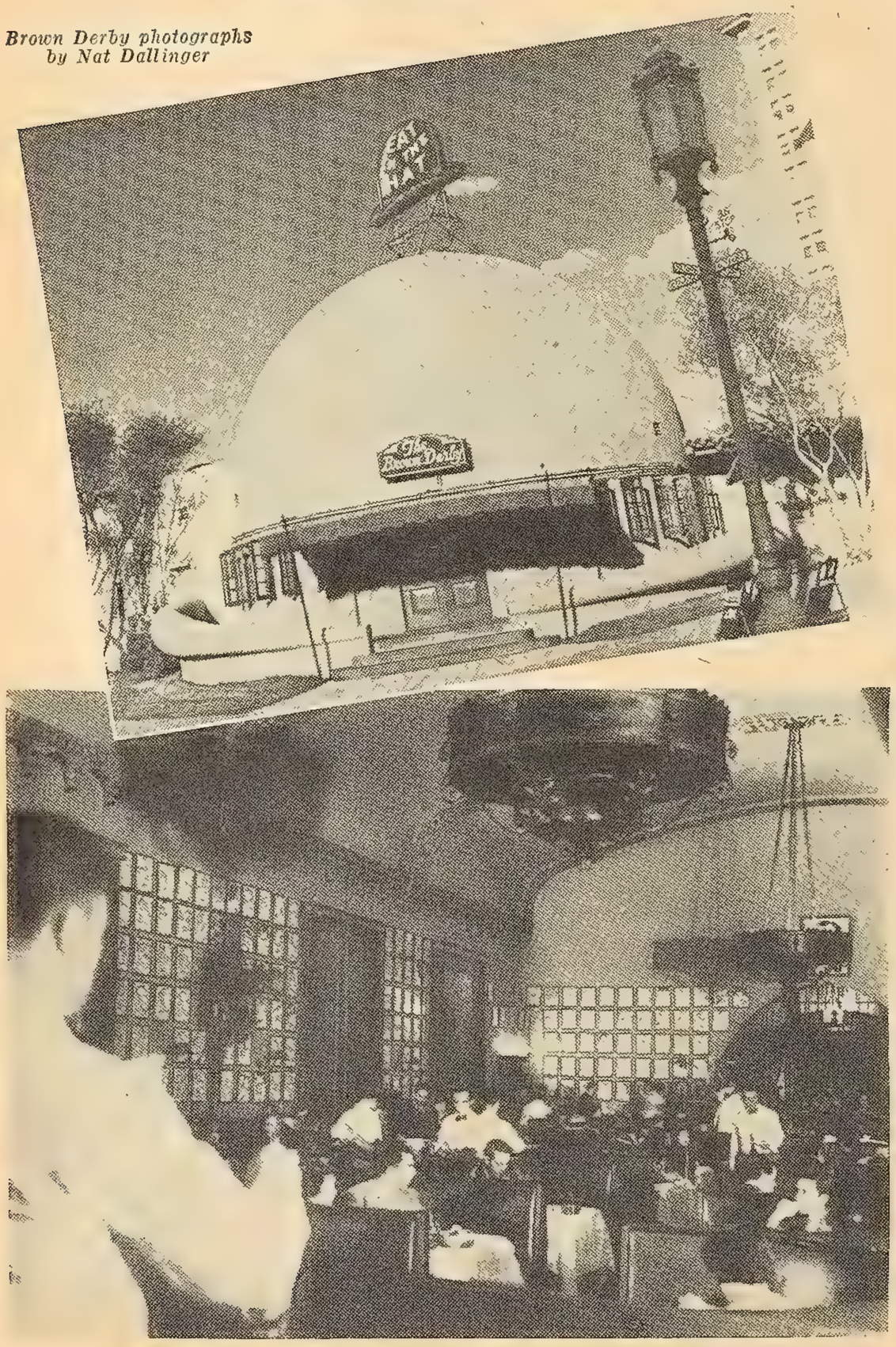
Andy Devine, the Clark Gables lunch at the Hollywood Derby—the famous restaurant at left below.

HOLLYWOOD at

Gay with gossip; brittle with business! Soft with love; phony with pretense! That's Hollywood at high noon

By Paul Karel

Brown Derby photographs by Nat Dallinger



I'VE seen extra girls in Hollywood lunching on a cigarette and a small Coca-Cola. I've seen the biggest stars in the business infinitely bored with a slightly nibbled two-and-a-half-dollar luncheon. I've seen girls work and starve and struggle in hysterical determination. I've known Hollywood tragedies and sorrows long before they panted from every front page in the country. I've seen things here as they really are, both good and bad. There's a little of it wherever you go. You can't miss it. It's in the club house at Santa Anita. It's in the sables thrown over chairs at Earl Carroll's. It's in the thick air of Jerry's Joynt in Chinatown. It's in the disappointment in the faces of manicurists and chorus girls and waitresses at drive-ins. But strangely, the starkest drama and the phoniest pretense has always jammed itself into the most unlikely hour of the day.

Hollywood should by all token fall disgustingly flat in the exacting frankness of high noon. And yet I remember indelible moments when there were no orchids or moonlight or champagne; no jewels sparkling under crystal lights; no beautiful, sleek people in impeccable formal clothes, nothing of the accepted Hollywood night club background. I remember only the fantastic excitement and the mixed-up emotions that crowded those eventful Hollywood noon hours. I've seen the smartest places in town to take luncheon spring up overnight only because on the day before, two well-known actresses had a hair-pulling match there in plain view of every luncher. A week later, to be smart, you have to drive twenty miles from Hollywood to eat sauerkraut cooked in champagne, in the rank air of a not overly clean shack on one of the side streets.

Hollywood is most fickle and unappreciative at high noon. It demands change and newness in great impatience. The Vendome, for a long time the smart and expensive place to lunch, doesn't exist any more. It went out like a light for no good reason. On the same spot now you can buy Chinese food for a pittance.

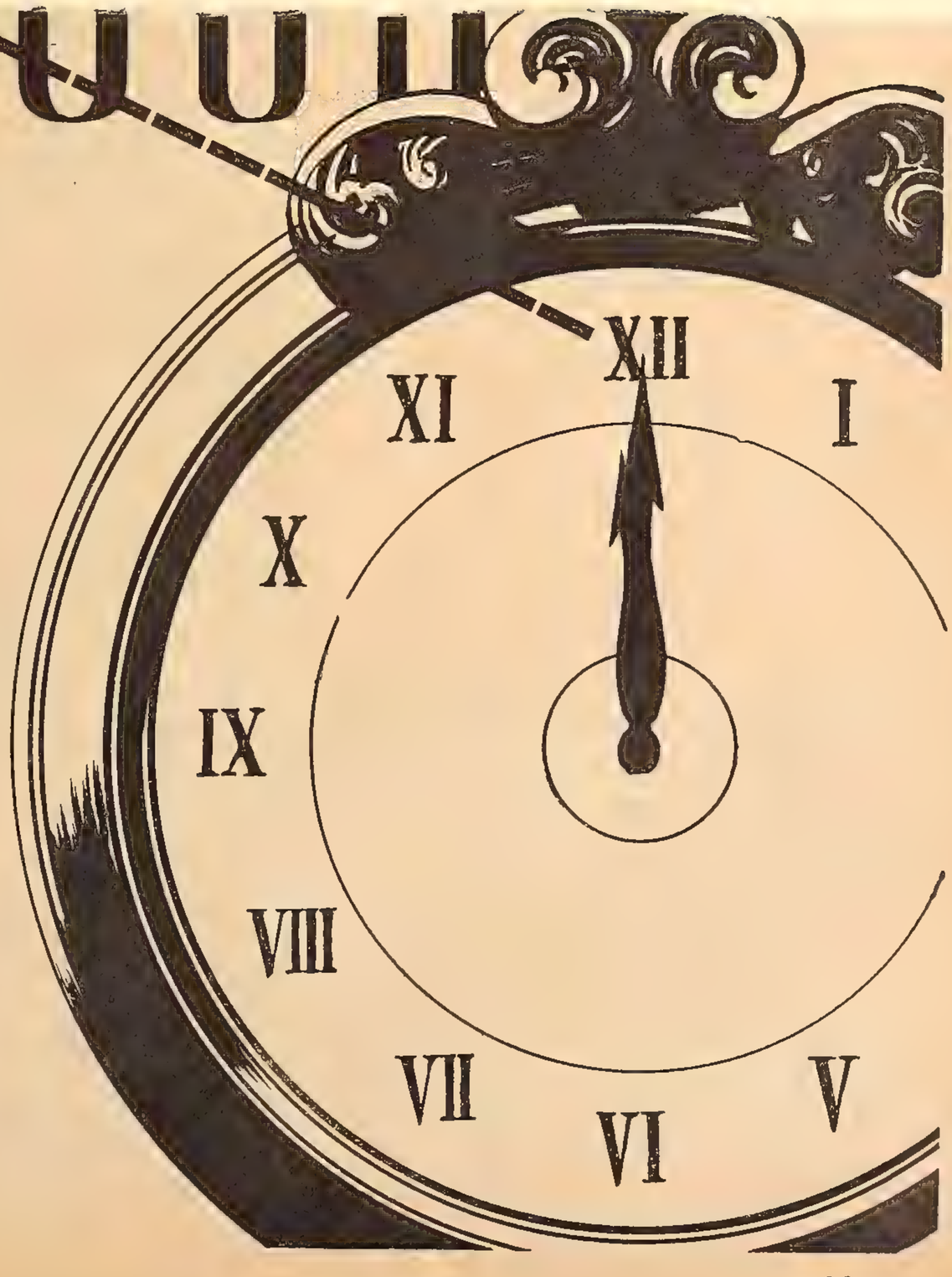
At high noon in every studio, at smart eating places and in startlingly lavish beauty salons, in impressive and plain dressing rooms, there exists an intense, unnatural unrest. The Hollywood noon hour isn't a short breathing spell, a release from responsibility. It's forever spec-



HIGH

tacularly jammed with the unfinished, the unexpected, and the unusual. It bristles with business. It's sodden with gossip. It's soft with love. It's as unstable emotionally as the flightiest Billie Burke rôle and as involved as a Garbo shooting schedule. It's ten thousand headaches and double that ante in heartaches. I've come face to face with the height of unbelievably pathetic idolatry during the hurly-burly of lunch time. I've seen an extra girl try to bribe a studio policeman with her last hoarded ten dollars to smuggle her, during her free lunch hour, into the dressing room of a very handsome and a very great screen lover whom you all know very well. The girl just wanted to sit there, to touch the things he touched, tremulously, and to shed a few bitter, blinding tears perhaps. He had long ago forgotten he had ever met her, but she hadn't.

During both our racing seasons heads are buried in racing forms, and the lunch hour is one long ache of suspense. I've seen Irene Dunne up to her ears in relatives at the Victor Hugo one day and the next with the biggest business brains in the country deep in a discussion of the problems of social difference in her next picture. I've seen Bing Crosby fume and argue. Dixie has fixed it so he can't be served any dessert for lunch at any one of the Brown Derby restaurants. Upon being asked, during a busy lunch hour, I've seen Bob Taylor quickly spot a sample of wall paper he thought attractive. The walls of the Beverly Hills (*Please turn to page 74*)



she really like, this Greer
who was Robert Donat's
Mrs. Chips? You're in for a
e when you meet her here

By Gladys Hall

...os!

So this—below—is Mrs. Chips! You'd never recognize in gorgeous, red-haired Greer Garson the gentle lady who loved the professor—left below, scene from the memorable "Goodbye Mr. Chips." Top left, Greer in her new film, with Lew Ayres and Robert Taylor.



"I HAVE come a funny way," Greer Garson was saying, reflectively, "a jagged way. I've been upstairs, downstairs, knocking on doors. The pattern—is anything the matter?" she broke off to ask me with legitimate curiosity, since my eyes were bugging out of my head and my head was making a waggling, oh-no-oh-no motion.

"Yes," I said, "there is. You—you take some getting used to. I didn't expect you to look like this. Someone," I added, in injured tone, "might have warned me." I meant it, too. I do not like being taken aback when in pursuit of duty. And when Miss Garson first walked into the living room of her home in Beverly Hills, graciously prepared to dispense tea and slivery cucumber sandwiches and some of the best talk to be heard in cinema circles, I was that surprisd, I was speechless! All I could do was bug my eyes and waggle my head.

Now, I am not one given to dwelling on externals. Handsome is as handsome does, I always say. Surely (*Please turn to page 71*)

FIRST LOVE FOR DEANNA!



Adorable Durbin plays her first screen love scene in new film, "First Love." Lucky lad who plays it with her is Robert Stack, shown with her here. Deanna's first movie kiss will have the whole world watching!

The great outdoors still provides the best back-drop for the movies' most torrid moments. Dorothy "Sarong" Lamour and Robert Preston go native for Paramount's "Typhoon"

HOLLYWOOD STAGES ITS BEST LOVE SCEN

"Untamed" is the word for Ray Milland and Patricia Morison in their new romantic drama enacted against sunny California's most picturesquely rugged mountain scenery



WITH THE AID OF OLD MOTHER NATURE!

Mickey Rooney AND Judy Garland

The uncanny cleverness of Mickey Rooney, the wholesome girlishness of talented Judy Garland are separate box-office sensations, as Mickey in "The Hardy Family" films, and Judy in "The Wizard of Oz," have proved. Now that they are co-starred in "Babes in Arms" the audience stampede is on. Line forms at the right, folks!

C. S. Bull, M





IDA LUPINO

She has the great chance every actress dreams about, playing opposite Ronald Colman in "The Light That Failed"

William Walling



RONALD COLMAN

Screen's most distinguished actor gives his finest performance in the newest picturization of the Kipling drama

DIETRICH TRIES AGAIN!



STEWART TO THE RESCUE!

Marlene makes her movie comeback in "Destry Rides Again," a super-Western with Jimmy Stewart as her hero. Piquant combination!

Ray Jones, Universal Pictures

"PRISONER" OF PICTURES

When will Warners "pardon" John Garfield and lift him out of the crime-picture cycle? "Years Without Days," his latest, is not the right answer.



"MOST LIKELY" TO SUCCEED

She stepped from college to the screen. A hit in her very first film, "The Rains Came," Brenda Joyce is most promising of season's newcomers



Calling

"DR." AYRES!



Whenever they need a good actor and a gallant personality for a picture they send for Lew. Now he's screen-squiring "Dancing Co-Ed" Lana Turner. But wouldn't it be wonderful if Metro would be inspired to team him again with Garbo? Remember Lew made his first movie hit in "The Kiss" with G. G.

Saluting

MOVIES' "MONA LISA"

Just as mysterious and mocking as ever, Garbo smiles at you here, laughs for you in "Ninotchka," the romantic comedy. It's her first picture in two years



Clarence Bull, M-G-M

DEHAVILLAND IN MODERN DRESS!

Lovely Olivia, after a long season in costume pictures: "Gone with the Wind," "Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"—at last draws a sprightly modern rôle in "Raffles," new picturization of the perennial thriller, with David Niven, right, as the young and ingratiating amateur cracksman

Copyr. Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists



WHO HELPS MOST AT CHRISTMAS TIME?

IN THE RUSH and excitement of Christmas Time, shopping and parties bring fatigue. *Energy* is what we need to carry on.

To replenish food-energy, remember Baby Ruth—the big 5¢ candy bar, so pure and delicious, so rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



THE CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN

Dextrose

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY



20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda in "Drums along the Mohawk"

CLAUDETTE *Roughs* IT

By Liza





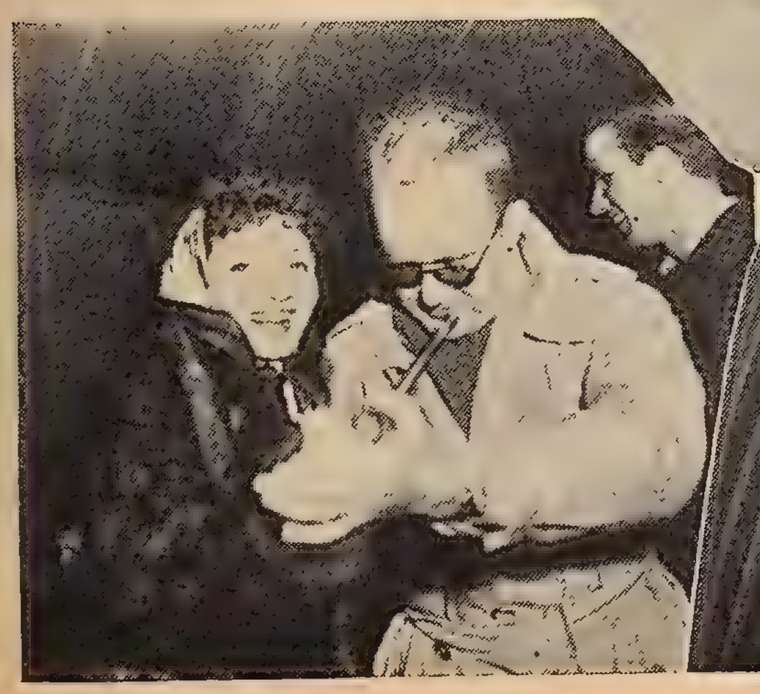
How the location trip for "Drums along the Mohawk" turned Glamor Girl Colbert into a pioneer woman—almost!

Claudette, on a bet, went to Utah.
She thought that the climate would suitah.
But when she got there
The camp was quite bare
Of aught but flies, dirt, and old pewtah!

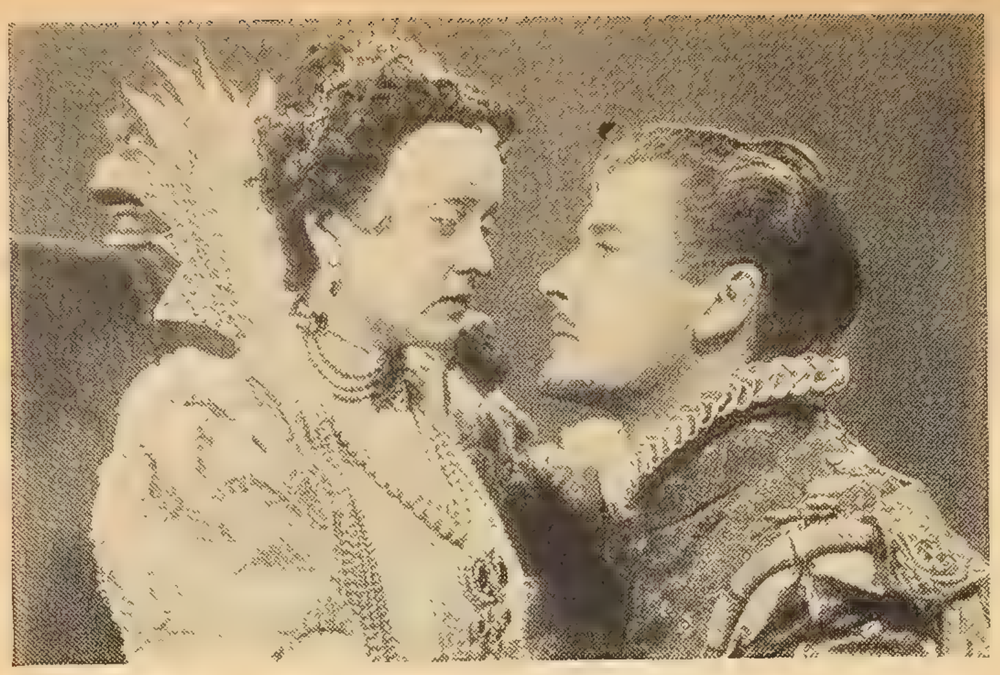
EVER since she became a great big Glamor Girl Claudette has had slues of poems written about her by her fans, likening her to everything from magnolias to moon-glow, but the above "poem" (written, I believe, by Henry Fonda) is her favorite. When it appeared one morning in the *Camp Drums Daily News* at Camp Drums, Utah, there were those on the location who (*Please turn to page 75*)







As heroine of "Drums along the Mohawk" troupe Colbert "roughed it" on tent location—see top picture; ate with the gang; shared the news with co-star Henry Fonda and crew; danced with director John Ford—far left. Verdict: Colbert can take it!



PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX—Warners

HERE is the most you can buy for your movie money this month—this big, impressive romantic drama, rich with the pomp and circumstance of pageantry in Elizabeth's England, crammed with vivid color and glittering costumes and stunning sets—two hours of robust action, gaudy gestures and grandiloquent speeches—and a little stuffy at times. The one thing this lavish picture can't give you is the homey touch. Elizabeth was a great queen and a fascinating woman; Essex a turbulent soldier and a fascinating man; but their romance, if you can call it that, remains remote despite all the amorous scenes written into the script. Bette Davis' portrayal of Elizabeth will cause more discussion than any rôle she has played since "Of Human Bondage." Some will consider her magnificent, in a word. Others may think her St. Vitus-dance technique here passes the danger point. But whatever your reaction you won't want to miss it. Errol Flynn as Essex wins the handsomest man of the month contest in a walk—and what a walk, as he treads the red carpet to the throne, in his most becoming costume. His acting isn't as convincing as he looks, but you won't want to miss him, either. Donald Crisp as Bacon is most credible of the big cast. A gorgeous and gallant show.

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans



INTERMEZZO—Selznick-United Artists

FOR the incurably romantic among you, I recommend "Intermezzo—A Love Story" as the most satisfactory film entertainment of the month. In its way as poignant as "Love Affair," it is beautifully written, acted, directed and *felt* by everyone concerned in its production. Can it be credited to Mr. Leslie Howard, I wonder? Surely it is no mere coincidence that "Intermezzo" and "Pygmalion," Mr. Howard's pictures both of them, should have such unerring taste, restraint, delicacy and imagination. "Intermezzo" plays on the old theme, the eternal triangle. But it plays so skillfully, so subtly, that you would never know the old piece. Mr. Howard is no ordinary philandering husband, but a world-famous violinist, a man of strength and integrity. Ingrid Bergman is no home-wrecker but a fine and gifted young girl pianist, drawn to him by their mutual love of beauty in music and in life. Edna Best is no ordinary wife, either, but a real woman—and so it goes throughout "Intermezzo," a lovely haunting melody, not a symphony, but a rare and unforgettable experience. Mr. Howard's performance is as always perfection. For Miss Bergman—see our Honor Page.



THE REAL GLORY—Goldwyn-United Artists

GARY COOPER'S best picture in a long time! He shakes himself out of his stellar lethargy and delivers one of his superb, old-time performances—believable, vigorous, immensely likeable. True, not even the leisurely Mr. C. could remain unmoved by the gory goings-on of Mr. Goldwyn's melodrama of Moro marauding in the Philippines in 1906—there is literally never an empty moment in the island community held by a doughty handful of U. S. Army officers trying to fight not only the Moros but treachery, superstition, plague, and just plain disaster. Gary plays the post's doctor waging a lone battle of enlightened medical methods against official obstinacy—complicated by the fact that his commanding officer and stubborn adversary is also father to lovely Andrea Leeds. But leave it to Mr. Cooper, and you may safely do so, for he overcomes every obstacle including licking a whole Moro tribe single-handed in the best screen fight of the season. It's Cooper's picture but David Niven and Broderick Crawford do their share to keep proceedings lively. Miss Leeds' heroine is a charming concoction which, though very sweet, never quite turns to sugar.



HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox

AT LAST, the epic to glorify that old epic-maker, Hollywood herself! From sheer shyness, I suppose, she has always avoided self-glorification in a really big way; but now she more than makes up for it with "Hollywood Cavalcade," a colossal, gigantic, super-everything Technicolor production involving the motion picture's progress from Keystone slapstick to talkies. It's a big show, as it should be; it's lavish, spectacular, sentimental, lush and overcrowded, as it can't help being; but it is also grand fun, it can't miss. Just Hollywood! Against the background of the swiftly moving film industry, the personal romance of one of the first great directors and one of the first star beauties is enacted by Don Ameche and Alice Faye. Fame and fortune leave her unspoiled; he turns temperamental and slips to obscurity, until she rescues him and the talkies are born to lift them both to greater heights. Miss Faye is gorgeous in Technicolor and dramatically poignant. Hilarious scenes harking back to the custard-pie era will give Ma and Dad a nostalgic belly-laugh and may even make Junior snicker. Cheers for old-timers Chester Conklin and Ben Turpin, for J. Edward Bromberg's fine acting and Alan Curtis' profile, and for Alice Faye, pretty even with custard pie in her eye.



THE WOMEN—M-G-M

OF COURSE you won't be missing this! It's the one picture every woman will want to see at least once. A freak show, maybe; a hussy's holiday, a star's circus—and, naturally, always amusing. Clare Boothe's acid play is even better as a motion picture, thanks in part to inspired casting. The stellar competition for first honors, alone, makes "The Women" a grand show to watch. Chief contestants are Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, and their respective fan factions. It may lead to hairpulling in the audience yet. Shearer has the fat sympathetic part of the nice woman whose husband strays to Crawford's sequined side. Siren Joan gives an unvarnished and uncompromising performance as the other woman. Rosalind Russell frankly caricatures her rich rôle of catty friend and consequently bites off most of the scenes she's in and chews them with relish in full view of the other cast members. Remember, there's not a man in the film, not even a shadow. Joan Fontaine is dewily refreshing as the sweet young matron, Paulette Goddard convincingly hard-shelled as a chorus girl, and Virginia Grey a vision of beauty in a too tiny rôle. Virginia Weidler as Shearer's daughter is the best actress of them all. Adrian's big fashion show, all in Technicolor, is something to see and swoon over.



ETERNALLY YOURS—Wanger-United Artists

THE picture for zanies, of whom I am one, "Eternally Yours" picks up where the screwball-comedy cycle left off and goes right on from there, starting a whole new cycle for all I know. Perhaps if David Niven were not in it as chief zany—but he is; and he makes the picture, Loretta Young, and every woman in the audience. He's the new debonair prince-charming, and the way the man can charm and charm without ever going coy proves what a fine actor he really is. As The Great Arturo, magician extraordinary, he not only takes rabbits out of silk hats but even lifts Loretta right out of her conventional engagement to Broderick Crawford and spirits her into his magic act. And makes her like it. Not even materializing out of a goldfish bowl or discovering lipstick on her husband's collar changes Loretta's mind about David—until he starts walking out of airplanes at 5,000 feet, when *she* walks out on *him*. I told you it is crazy. But thanks to Mr. Niven's incredible charm and Loretta's equally incredible beauty you won't fidget while waiting for the happy ending. C. Aubrey Smith as Loretta's grandfather is adorable—sorry, sir, but there's no other word for you!

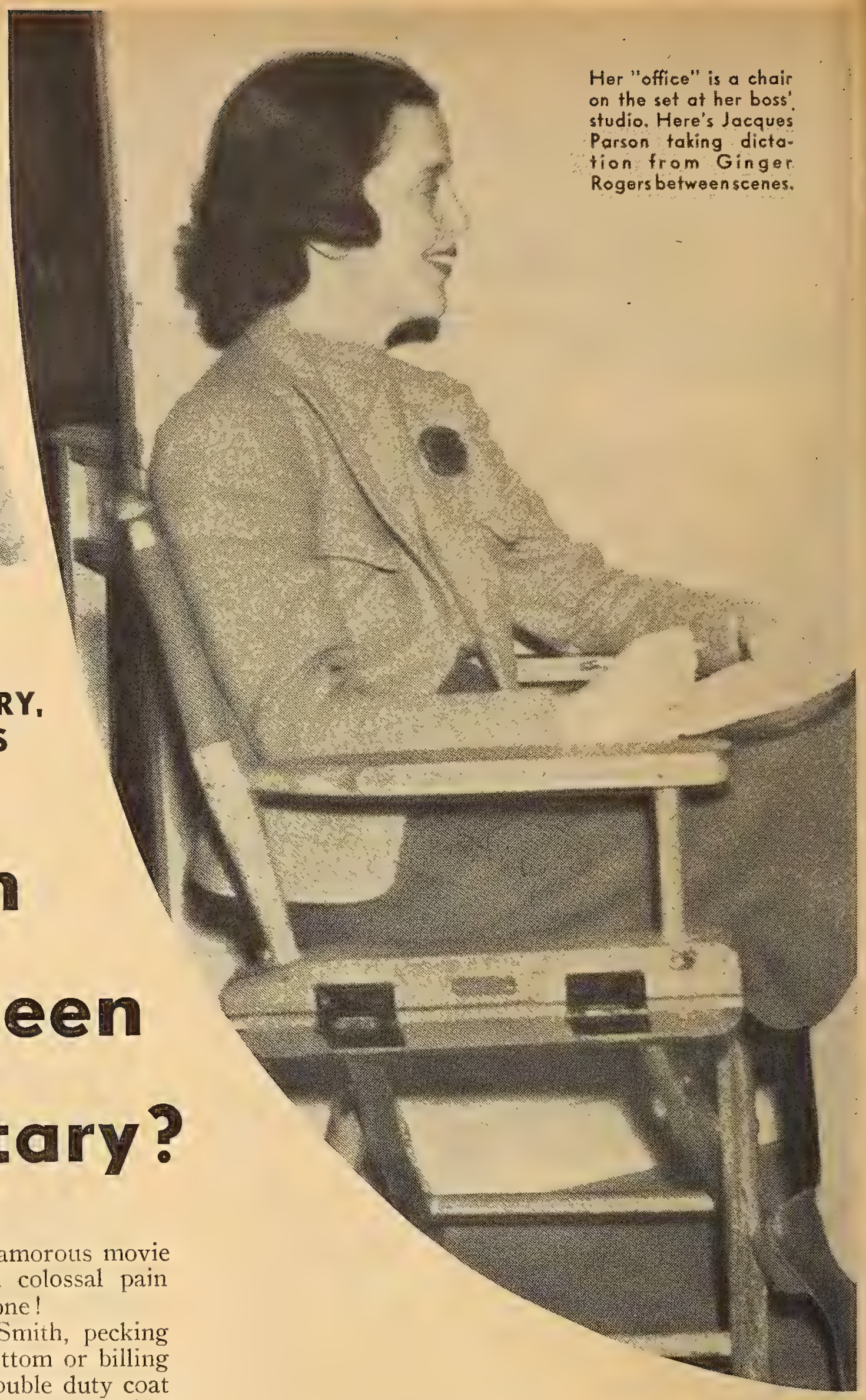


RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

HERE'S a sea picture which makes you really feel the wind in your ears and taste the salt on your tongue. When Frank Lloyd makes a marine epic it's real. Fortunately he stops short of giving his audiences *mal de mer*. But all the other sensations of seafaring are here. The first and the final scenes are terrific—the first, a tempestuous voyage under sail; the last, conquering the Atlantic in the first steamship. Plausible blend of fact and fiction, "Rulers of the Sea" gains greater credibility by its fine casting. Will Fyffe, eminent Scottish actor, is a joy as the philosophical mechanic who dreams of steam engines and finally invents one which works. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the skeptical sailor converted to the crazy new idea by Fyffe, is excellent despite a tendency to slip from Scottish to Oxford accents and back again. Margaret Lockwood —a fortunate few of you may have seen her with Mr. Fyffe in the British film, "Old Bob"—is spirited and charming as Will's daughter. Here's a wholesome picture for the family, a must-see.

BECAUSE OF SO MANY FINE FILMS THIS MONTH YOU'LL FIND MORE "BEST PICTURES" REVIEWED ON PAGE 84.





Her "office" is a chair on the set at her boss' studio. Here's Jacques Parson taking dictation from Ginger Rogers between scenes.

HERE'S THE SECRETARY, JACQUES PARSONS

Is It Fun Being A Screen Star's Secretary?

THE job of personal secretary to a glamorous movie star quite frequently adds up to a colossal pain in the neck. Ask the gal who's been one!

Incredible as it may seem to Mary Smith, pecking away on dunning letters to Mr. Thistlebottom or billing Mr. H. Terwill Beeman for 6 gross of double duty coat hangers, glamor in and of itself turns out to be pretty thin stuff when you get it in daily doses. And without the glamor element, the job either is routine or a nerve-wracking one of long and screwy hours, a million and one fantastic details to be remembered, and a boss who can switch from Lady Bountiful to Hell On Wheels without turning a finger-waved lock. Try that combination on a typewriter six days a week and find out how inviting a nice clean madhouse is by comparison.

Hollywood boasts one secretary to a star, however, who wouldn't trade jobs with Wally Windsor if Eddie were willing. She is Jacques Parsons and Ginger Rogers is her boss. Jacques (you pronounce it Jack) is about Ginger's own age, tall and slim, and as dark as Ginger is fair. In her young lifetime she has managed to get around a bit and to my way of thinking has had a lot of experiences that make her Hollywood sojourn dull and commonplace by comparison. That she thinks otherwise is, of course, her prerogative.

After being graduated from the University of Montana she took graduate work in French in the University of Grenoble in the French Alps. After that she traveled extensively, living in Czecho-Slovakia when there was such a country and puttering around French Somaliland in Africa. Her first job was teaching French in a swank private girls' school in Los Angeles and after that she held a succession of jobs in travel bureaus, bond houses, furniture marts and interior decoration shops. When the wanderlust bit her she landed in Shanghai where she began teaching in a Chinese girls' school. Later she joined the Shanghai Power Company as private secretary to the president and eventually moved on to Nanking where she was secretary to a scientific instrument firm. When the bombs began dropping a bit too close for comfort she closed up shop and came home.

After all that, she still says being secretary to Ginger is the most exciting, adventurous and satisfying job she's ever held! Obviously there must be a reason for a broad statement like that. Jacques explains it this way: "Even though I sound like the original president of the

Does Ginger look like a slave-driver here? Better read our story before you apply for a job as secretary to a famous screen star!





AND HERE'S HER BOSS, GINGER ROGERS

Or Is It Just Like Any Other Hard Job?

By Kay Proctor

original Ginger Rogers Fan Club, I must admit *it is because of my boss, not the job,"* Jacques stated with a finality that dared you to question her words. "Movies, in themselves, never had any particular appeal for me, even though I lived next door to them when teaching in Los Angeles. In fact, until I stepped foot in my office at RKO the first day, I'd never been on a movie lot—and until I met Ginger the night she hired me, I never had met anyone directly connected with a studio."

Jacques has a warm memory of that night. During her interview with Ginger she naturally called her Miss Rogers. After five minutes of it, Miss Rogers had had enough. "Look, we're just two gals," she said. "From here in you are Jacques and I'm Ginger. Forget that Miss Rogers stuff!"

Jacques knew little of Ginger that night other than that she was a topflight movie star and had a general reputation of being a thoroughly decent sort. She also had heard she was "reasonable" to work for, something of a rarity as I said. Now, after a year and a half of daily association with her, on good days and bad, under pressure and in leisure (if Ginger *ever* permits herself any leisure), she's had a fair chance to size up the Rogers' virtues and shortcomings.

"In all honesty I can say she is the fairest boss I've ever worked for, and that is no pun," Jacques said. "Ginger respects others and demands respect from them. She gets angry now and then, of course, and you know about it when she is angry, but by the same token, she is not a shouter or a desk-pounder. She tells you plainly what's wrong and why. She is friendly, but never encroaches on familiarity and will not tolerate it in others. She is a democratic girl, as genuinely at ease and pleasant to a carpenter in overalls as a Mrs. Richgilt in a formal drawing room. She possesses the knack of drawing the other fellow out to talk about himself and then listens with real interest and attention. She can be stubborn about things on occasion and like the gentleman from Missouri, she must 'be shown' when some new idea is not readily acceptable; but by no means does she flatly shut her mind against the new or the untried. Basically she likes nothing better than a challenge.

"She abominates people who 'yes' her and is first embarrassed and then annoyed at fawners. Inclined to be shy with strangers, she loves small groups of intimates about her day and night. Two (*Please turn to page 94*)

SCREENLAND Glamor School



Edited by *Ann Sheridan*

"Oomph Girl" rebels! To live down her unwanted title, *la* Sheridan deliberately selects these clothes of quiet elegance



Miss Sheridan wears, here, a coat dress especially designed for her by Howard Shoup. Of blue gray self-striped wool, it has an unusual double pocket set at one side to give a peg-top effect. The huge collar and muff are of silver fox, and her hat is a mass of coq feathers. On opposite page: putty-colored crepe fashions an afternoon dress with sunburst tucks radiating from waistline and softly folded bodice. Ann's tall-crowned hat has a smart cockade of electric blue coq feathers.

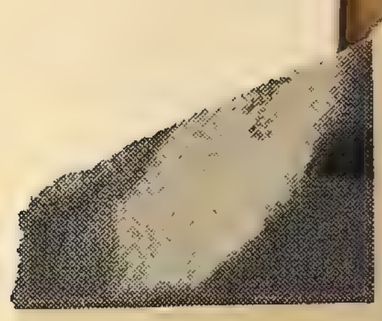
Glamor School photographs by Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.

ELEGANT "OOMPH!"

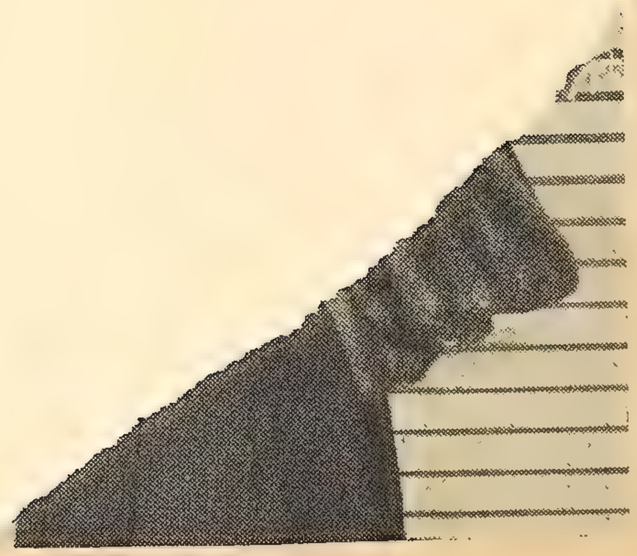


Covered shoulders. Jeweled girdle. Carnation-pink ostrich plume in her hair. These are the very important fashion highlights of Ann Sheridan's kelly-green, frostly-finished crepe dinner gown she's shown wearing here.





FURS for the FOOTBALL SEASON



When you go to the Game, you don't want to be dressy but you do want to look your best! Like Barbara Stanwyck, above, in her favorite new fur jacket of "freak fox." Or Louise Campbell, far left, in her smartly practical sports coat of ocelot. Patricia Morison prefers a cloth coat with mink sleeves, tie, and muff.

FOR THE GAME









Yes, there is one thing Mischa Auer takes very seriously: his hobby, amateur photography

Auer, top center, takes self-portrait with Mrs. Auer by means of long cable shutter release. Top left, Mischa in his home "portrait studio." Above, his study of daisies; below, dancing chorus; below right, portrait of a friend.

CANDID COMIC

By Ruth Tildesley



HE MEANT to be a painter. Mischa Auer, up to the age of twelve, attended the Imperial Academy of Art in St. Petersburg, Russia, and dreamed of being a great artist. He was interested in working with oils rather than water colors, he liked color and he loved to try to catch blue shadows on snow, pastels in hanging icicles, the many greens in



a garden, the flesh tones in a face. At twelve he was suddenly transformed from the sheltered child artist in the academy to a wild boy refugee, hiding in Siberian wastes and descending on passersby with his gang to rob and steal for food to eat and clothes to wear. Even then, despite hunger and hardship, homelessness, fear and grief, Mischa cherished the dream of creating a masterpiece.

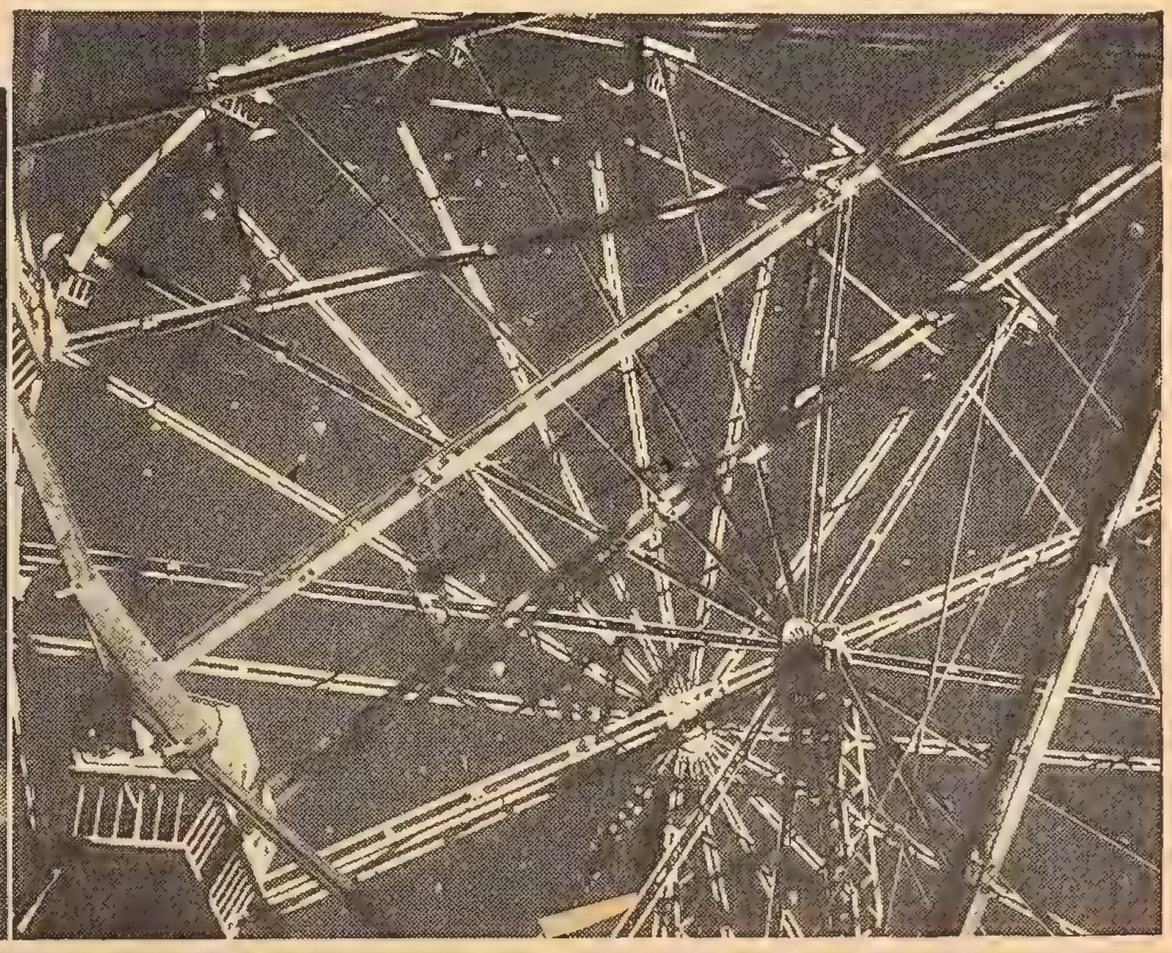
"But it seems I am better at making funny faces than I am at painting a pretty one," he observed, smiling his sad little smile. We were at his house in the Hollywood hills, where studio windows look out over the wide sweep of the city. Light from the windows fell on the pictures mounted on sheets of cardboard that covered the piano, the tables, the couch and unoccupied chairs. "I arranged them for you," he explained. "You might find something there. I am a fiend for the camera these days. Always when I look at something I see what I could do with it if I had my camera with me. I want to say, 'Would you mind moving over here where (*Please turn to page 80*)





Mischa Auer is an artist behind the camera as well as before it. Top, at work in his home dark room. Above, charming self-portrait with son Tony, taken by cable release. Below. odd shot of a Ferris wheel; left, the Auers' pet.







"Radiant" is the Word this Winter

If you have that radiant quality, you don't need much more. Here are ways of accenting what you have or acquiring what you have not. Happily, they are pleasant!

By Courtenay Marvin



Three examples of radiance! Above, Brenda Marshall. Her appeal is a combination of good looks, good taste in clothes, and good spirits. Center, Paulette Goddard, who has the spark of life, itself. Below, Linda Darnell, glowing with youth and beauty in face, figure, and smile. These girls have what it takes!



THE girl with real radiance need ask little of life. It comes to her. For she has what it takes. This natural radiance, however, is a rare quality, so the best solution for many is to supplement nature with art, so far as appearance goes, and to pepper up their personality.

Fortunately, art was never more with us than at this season. For the smartest color accent to your lips is red, flamboyant red. In the last year, we have run the gamut in color of face accents from frankly purple to pastels, and once more we're at home with nature's own palette, red for lips and that faint flush of the cheeks more akin to red than to mauve or pink. There is something gloriously frank and natural about red lips again. No one cares much whether nature or you put them there; the point is, they're back.

The color of red is a step toward that radiance, precious above all qualities making for beauty. Red creates a lip and cheek tone that looks healthy, full of life and vitality. Pale beauty has its appeal of a limited kind; barbaric colors on the skin sometimes achieve an exotic charm; but for a good, every-day, garden variety of beauty, we say, "Red lips belong!" And I believe the men will give this sentiment hearty approval.

With the approach of cold winds, cheerless suns and snow in the air, it would be extra-nice if the suggestion of life and force that accompanies our radiant lips might also permeate our beings to add more zest to this pleasant business of living. To be, to feel, to look that part would, indeed, be something! Now, there are ways and means to escape limp days, to avoid that worn-out look and that general air of lowered energy that show in face, carriage and voice. I wonder how many realize that your voice may become (*Please turn to page 93*)

Screenland's Glamour Guides

Fashions to put you in that exciting cocktail-hour-onward mood and for practical purposes, too! For where to buy, see page 83

By Marina



From dusk on, wear velvet for its sumptuous beauty. Here, below, is an inspiration for all but very formal moments. Cinderella crush-resistant rayon velvet suavely cut to give you a full, high bosom, beautifully broad shoulders through brief, puffed sleeves, a nipped-in waist and graceful hips. The belt is gold kid with a little front bow. Carry out the gold theme in jewelry. Black, royal, wine. Junior misses' sizes. About $20.



Luxury at hand in velvet-back gloves from Kayser's Cable Collection, above. Velvet back is Neva-Wet processed; palm, a lightweight wool. Chic, yet cozy. Black, wine red and marine green. $1.50.

Inside the gay gift box opposite, are Larkwood Knee Free stockings. A welcome innovation in hosiery achieved through a Lastex snood top. They stay up without gartering, or stretch from two to six inches when gartered. They bend and stretch with you, absorbing action strain, so Larkwood two-threads equal the life of the usual three-threads. Here is practical luxury for yourself, or for coveted Christmas gifts. Seven lovely tones; $1.15 each.





Munsingwear's "outer layer of skin" is literally that—so light, so controlling, so much a part of you does its Lastex and rayon power tissue fabric become. It works miracles with figures, lifting the bosom, snugging the waist, rounding the hips without benefit of bones or lacing. Net brassiere top with underpart knit into the garment to eliminate unnecessary seams. That detachable crotch is an important feature; it can be whipped out and laundered in a jiffy. In nude, and priced at $5.

ANNABELLA refuses to talk much about her tragic departure from her family in France, who regarded it as their duty to stay in their country no matter what should happen to them. But these are some of the highlights of her recent trip to her mother's home. When she returned to France to bring her daughter back with her, she could only get as far as the Spanish border before all trains were taken over for troop movements, and all private automobiles commandeered by the government. Civilians weren't allowed to ride on trains, but she hooked a ride on an army transport train from the Spanish border to Bordeaux. That city was in complete darkness and she still had no way of reaching her family, who live twenty-five miles out of the city. There were no telephones in use, so she made her way to the highway leading to her home and started to walk. Then she turned hitch-hiker and got a ride on an army transport truck loaded with soldiers. While waiting the five or six days it took to make all arrangements to bring her daughter back with her, she helped her mother gather the fruit and vegetables from the garden, which is women's work now, with the men in the army. When she started back, her mother managed to accompany her as far as the French border. They waved farewell to each other from opposite ends of an international bridge.

NOW they have something new again, and all you girls will be wanting to wear them soon. But they aren't going to cut a dent into the sale of the Gene Autry sweat shirts, or autographed baseball bats —nothing like that, because they'll cost a sight more. They are made by a Hollywood jeweler who has made his reputation by creating the smartest costume jewelry in town. This new creation is the pride of the firm. It is a clip of genuine ivory cameo, and the profile on the dark background is none other than Tyrone Power. The cameo accentuates Ty's clear-cut handsomeness. He is in the character of his *Major Safte* rôle in "The Rains Came." The likeness is very East Indian, and vaguely suggests Rudolph Valentino, but unmistakably is Tyrone, himself. The chiseled profile is topped by a voluminous turban. When I saw one of the first ones made, I wondered what Tyrone thought about the idea of having his likeness dangling from hundreds of women's dress fronts.

What's this? Hollywood in battling mood? New films show screen stars scrapping, if only for Art. Our gossip gives you the real low-down on what they're doing outside studio hours

Here's Hollywood





No wonder Brenda Joyce, below, is hollering for help!

See once-haughty Marlene Dietrich, above and right to opposite page, staging her "come-back" as FRENCHIE, audacious dame who shoots up dance-hall in "Destry Rides Again." Trying to subdue her is film's hero James Stewart, who resorts to pouring a bucket of water on Marlene and Una Merkel.

By
Weston East

(Gone Haywire!)



Dietrich isn't the only scrapper. Ruth Terry, who makes her début in "Send Another Coffin," thought she could make Bernard Nedell take it, but he turns the tables on her, below.

IT MUST be a Cagney tradition, or else Jean Cagney, Jimmy's sister, is being typed because of her famous brother's rôles. Jimmy first attracted attention when he socked a number of his leading ladies. Now, Jean, in "Campus Wives," her very first picture, knocks down and out one of her leading men, Peter Hayes. When Jean first thought of a film career, Jimmy was opposed to it because he wanted his sister to complete her education, but now that she has finished college, Jimmy's encouraging Jean.

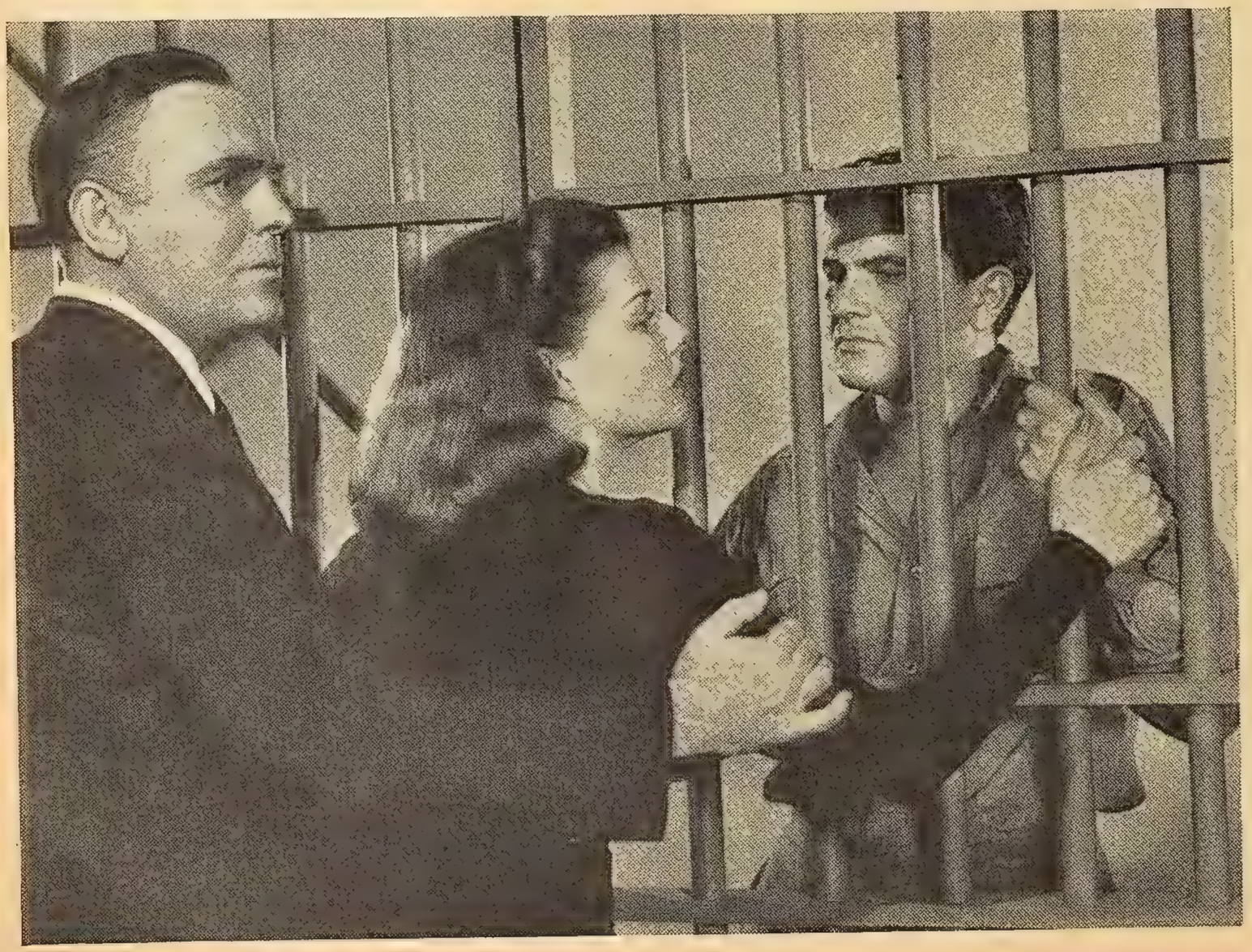




"Green Hell," the film which co-stars Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Bennett, above left, derives its title from the historically famed locale of the story, in the Amazon jungles. In this scene from "First Love," above right, Helen Parrish seems to be laying down the law to the star of the picture, Deanna Durbin, and it doesn't look as though Deanna is going to take it like a soldier either. This is Deanna's first grown-up rôle.

MRS. TEMPLE tells this one on Shirley, and glows quite noticeably while telling it because, now besides all of her daughter's other accomplishments, Shirley is beginning to show an inventive talent. While Shirley's youngest brother is in school, and she is alone, she is not allowed to go into the deep part of the swimming pool because she can't swim. One day not long ago Shirley asked her mother if she could go into the deep part of the pool if it were made very safe. The question was put in such a way that Mrs. Temple, unsuspectingly, supposed it would be all right. In no time at all, Shirley had rigged a clothes line across the pool with a pulley attachment to a rope around her waist, that made it possible for her to paddle back and forth in deep water and still be held up with her system of ropes and pulleys. However, the whole intricate arrangement was dismantled immediately upon discovery by Mrs. Temple, but not without ample praise.

IT'S ANDREA LEEDS' turn now to tell the story of the strange workings of Hollywood, and to make clear again that the only thing about the place that is constant, is the inability to explain or understand it. About five years ago a girl named Antoinette Lees had a contract with 20th Century-Fox. I think I'm safe in saying that you never heard of her, let alone remember her on the screen. Yet that girl played a few bit parts, but was so unsuited to the camera and so obviously had nothing to give that the Fox Studio bosses called her "unphotographic, without sufficient acting ability." The thing that is hard to understand is that the same studio, five years later, had to fight to get the same girl to star in a picture for them. What's more, they paid Sam Goldwyn a handsome sum for her services. And Andrea, on the set of "Swanee River," was never recognized as the girl who on the very same stage was proven inadequate only a few years ago.



John Garfield's behind prison bars again in "Years Without Days," Warden Lewis E. Lawes' story about Sing Sing. Ann Sheridan and Pat O'Brien are shown visiting John.

JUST how romantic the George Raft-Norma Shearer mutual interest goes no one can say, but, because they saw so much of each other in Europe, rumors insist it's l'amour. When they manage to arrive at the same places, here, during an evening the entire town is set to buzzing. Suddenly, something seems to have amplified every woman's interest in George's slick-as-a-seal appeal. The Warner Brothers have found that they have a lady killer on their hands. They've been warned by countless scented, sentimental letters not to let George get killed in any more pictures, or else. His fan mail has jumped to astounding proportions. One woman wrote, "He has the eyes of a faun with just enough of the devil in them." Another wrote, "Since he has lost that weight he's got more sex appeal than Valentino ever had." However, in "Invisible Stripes" he loses five jobs, one after the other, his only girl, *and* his life. The latest angle on his divorce is that his wife still says no.

NO ONE could understand why it was that Charles Laughton and his wife made such a fuss about living in a certain apartment in a certain apartment house when they came back to Hollywood. Finally, everyone decided that it was just temperament, and Mr. Laughton was the type that had to be pampered, particularly since the "Hunchback" rôle was going to be so difficult. And it took a tremendous amount of "pampering" to please the Englishman and his wife, because the apartment they insisted on occupying was already rented to someone else. They were offered luxurious suites at the best hotels, they were shown apartments twice as large and much more livable, they were shown houses all the way from the beach to Beverly Hills, and it was then that Laughton made the situation clear. "Elsa and I," he said, "will never live in a house again, while we are in Hollywood. We did the first time we were here together, and were never more lonesome. We were unhappy until we moved into this apartment, and then people started to drop in." That's why the Laughtons insisted on the same apartment and none other. They held out until they got it, too. I never imagined that Charles Laughton was the kind of person that had to have people around, but he admits he enjoys company.





Although Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, above left, will continue to appear independently of each other, they'll be teamed again in "The Admirable Crichton." At present, Laughton's enacting lead in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Eddie Albert was happy to dance with Zorina in "On Your Toes," but what he liked best was chance to snuggle up to la belle ballerina in this fashion, above right.

GREER GARSON is the girl who's going to try to make Bette Davis look like a piker when it comes to screen realism. Greer won't compromise on any point, she wants reality, and to heck with the hair comb and the false eyelashes. The mud puddle scene in "Remember?" is just one instance. You'll remember that bit of action for a long time. And there is a reason. When the scene was shot, it was shot in a *mud puddle,* and no fancy studio fakes. The director told Greer to flop into the mud when she was attempting to rescue Taylor who was already wallowing. She flopped, and like a brick. She had a lot of fun splashing Taylor, who being a little less realistic, gently splashed back. They were supposed to be having a lot of fun—and Greer was. However, under such circumstances, stars always manage to keep every hair in place and their make-up without a smudge. But not Miss Garson. Just before they were to go into a close-up, and because Bob's gentle splashing left her too clean, Greer reached down into the grime, rubbed her muddy hands across her face and said, "Okay, I'm ready."

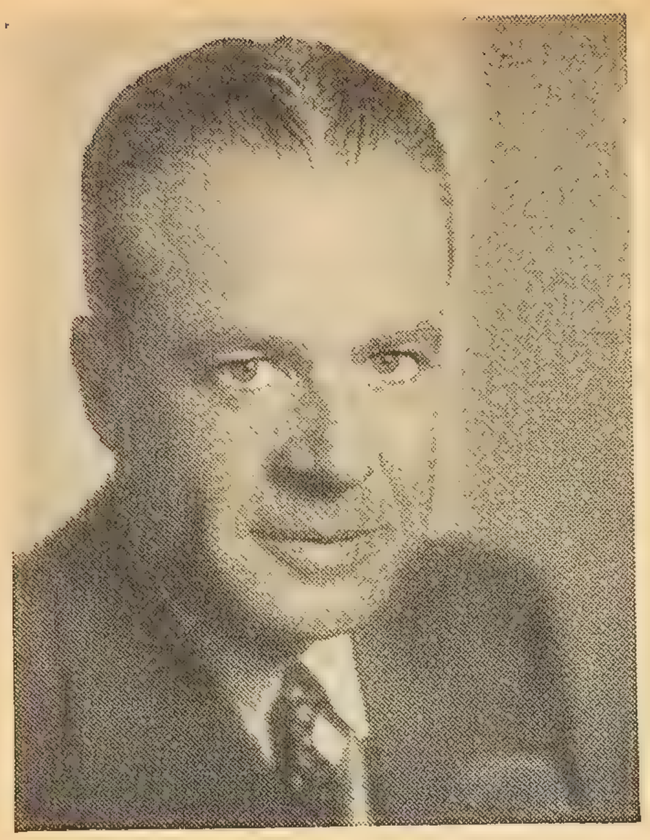
THE sameness of the climate is the only thing that Sonja Henie can't get used to about Southern California. Although it's nearly winter here just as everywhere else, it's not the kind of winter Sonja is used to, and she gets positively sick for some real ice and snow. Her nostalgia for frosty mornings and icy nights gets so bad sometimes that she can't sleep. She's tried a wide-open sleeping porch, and that helped some. Then she tried leaving the house altogether and sleeping under the stars, in the garden. Sonja's quirk got so bad that her mother never knew where on their extensive grounds Sonja was likely to spend the night, and she worried about her catching cold. Now, she has another genuine cause to worry because Sonja has found a new place to sleep that is *really* cold, and by every token she should come down with pneumonia. The Henies have a real cold storage vault in their Bel Air home in which to keep their furs and their many perishable Norwegian delicacies. That's where Mrs. Henie finds Sonja when the hankering for a chill gets too strong. Sonja, literally, is keeping that million dollar heart of hers in cold storage.

WAR jitters have hit Hollywood, with more than one of your favorite actors temporarily lost to our screen. Charles Boyer was one of the first to be called to his country's service and it is possible that he will be used in propaganda pictures for the French government, under the direction of Jean Renoir. David Niven, having completed "Raffles," for Sam Goldwyn, is all set to return to England and fight for his country at this writing, and Alan Mowbray has already offered his services. Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey, Brian Aherne, Cary Grant, Charles Laughton, and Leslie Howard are some of the Hollywood motion picture stars who are ready to return to England as soon as they are called. Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Donald Crisp are reserve officers but have not yet been summoned to the colors. If they go Hollywood will miss them. George Brent, Victor McLaglen, Ray Milland, and Claude Rains are naturalized American citizens now.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has just confessed that ever since sister Joan Fontaine's marriage to Brian Aherne the entire family has had the privilege, and the fun, of constantly calling her an old maid. The name will stick until Olivia marries, because the whole family has long had a pact governing their behavior in regard to Joan's and Olivia's marriages. The first of them to marry was, thereafter, to be referred to as The Model Wife, and as long as the other remained unmarried, she was to be called The Old Maid. For some reason it was just taken for granted that Olivia would marry first. Elopements or civil marriages don't count. A church wedding is the only means of making The Old Maid into Model Wife No. 2. Olivia is quite willing to match Joan's simple but impressive church wedding, if she had the right man to walk down the aisle with her. Incidentally, right now, Olivia thinks her new brother-in-law is the most wonderful man she knows.



Vincent Price, Ian Hunter, and Basil Rathbone colorfully and authentically costumed for their rôles in "Tower of London," a film drama from some of history's bloodiest pages.



WALTER WANGER: "I should imagine that modern girls would rebel against being harnessed up for the sake of a change in modes or some stylist's whim."



BINNIE BARNES: "These things are likely to give you heart trouble—in more ways than one. You can't possibly breathe properly, and your best beau won't like it"



Hollywood Beauties in Corset War!

Continued from page 27

in everything and anything she ever wears.

Travis Banton, famous Hollywood stylist, has this to say in favor of the new corset, "For ten years women have been steadily regaining their lost feminine charm. The World War of 1914 brought about a masculine influence in women's wear that lasted until the depression. The present war may nip the latest vogues in the bud. New styles are created to emphasize a woman's natural attractions—the full bosom, thin waist, and normal hips. Such a silhouette requires a firm foundation garment. New corsets are nothing like the old ones with a half block of laces and long, painful stays. They are more of a girdle, easily worn, and are not uncomfortable if properly adjusted. To return to wearing corsets is, indeed, a departure for women and girls, but most women have been wearing girdles for several years and the arrival of corsets is not going to be such a great shock as one, at first, might believe. New dresses will definitely give women more attraction and allure."

And Virginia Field proved conclusively that Travis Banton knew what he was talking about by appearing at the Trocadero the other night wearing a beautiful full-bosomed, hippy evening dress, with one of the new corsets under it, definitely. And everyone, even her smiling boy friend, Richard Greene, admitted that Virginia had never looked more attractive and alluring in her life.

But most of the sweethearts and husbands of the stars don't seem to be so pleased about the new fashion. Cesar Romero said he'd as soon dance with a ramrod as a girl wearing one of those contraptions. Victor McLaglen said he'd rather not think of them at all. Gene Raymond said, "Most men don't like artificiality in any form, so why make the form artificial? If a girl is suddenly obsessed with the idea of having a smaller waist than anyone else, she should diet and exercise. Isn't it just like a woman after all these years spent trying to free herself of corsets to start sponsoring them!"

Walter Wanger, handsome United Artists producer, and favorite escort of Joan Bennett, took a nice sane view of the whole thing. "What a woman wears," said Mr. Wanger, "to make herself more feminine and stylish in her own eyes is none of a man's business."

Most bitter against the new corset trend is Binnie Barnes. Poor Binnie has been pinched and squeezed into them so many times in costume pictures that she feels, and we feel, that she is an authority on the subject. Said Binnie, "Lacing oneself into a confining corset is not logical for the modern woman. The idea back of it is to look feminine and appealing. It really isn't feminine in the terms of today. It can only result in making one look stiff and uncomfortable. Anything else would require more practice of the art than I think Miss 1939-40 would be willing to give. Most modern women are interested in outdoor activities; tennis is my favorite game. Can you imagine enjoying the freedom of clothes that fit the tennis picture, say during the afternoon, and then lacing into a straight-jacket for evening occasions? Personally, I couldn't bridge the gap either mentally or physically with such rapidity. Maybe women who do nothing but dress, and are more interested in being the *elegante* than anything else, won't mind being slightly miserable in order to achieve the new torso, but the average woman has little enough time as it is and she is looking for further avenues of freedom when it comes to clothes rather than further restrictions."

Naturally, the "athletic" girls are against anything that's uncomfortable or confining. And you can't blame them for that. Eleanor Powell, who dances better than any girl in Hollywood, said, "Any modern girl who'll permit herself to be laced into one of those antediluvian monstrosities should have her head exam-



VIRGINIA BRUCE (top): "Only feminine type girls should wear them—they don't seem suited to athletic types. I would hate to think of corsets as a permanent fashion requirement."

TRAVIS BANTON, STYLIST (center): "New styles are created to emphasize a woman's natural attractions—full bosom, thin waist, normal hips. Such silhouettes require firm foundation garments."



ALEXANDER HALL, DIRECTOR (above): "I don't like them. Steel always leaves me cold."





ROYER, STYLIST (above): "The new Mainbocher corset may hold the woman, but I don't think it will encourage men to do likewise."



JOHN PAYNE: "Why not corsets? Novelty, like variety, is the spice of life. Besides if there's a tinier waist in town than Anne Shirley's (his wife), I'd like to see it."



CONSTANCE BENNETT: "It's ridiculous to take corsets seriously. As soon as the novelty wears off they'll be relegated to where they belong. Teen-age girls will love them."

ined." While Sonja Henie, who skates better than anybody in Hollywood, said, "The modern woman is too independent, and her natural figure is usually so good that she is not going to be laced into a corset overnight on account of a fashion promotion. I think American women will be slow to take up any style that really accents the hips." And I think Sonja has got something there. Hip, hip, away, has been the theme song of American women too long.

Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne and Marlene Dietrich have long been considered among the best dressed women in Hollywood. They all say, "No!"

"It's ridiculous," said Connie, "to take corsets or any other innovation seriously —any more than one takes last year's hat seriously. Teen-age girls will probably love the new corsets. But as soon as the novelty wears off they'll be relegated to where they belong."

And the cosmopolitan Marlene said, "I do not believe corsets are coming back. American women are accustomed to comfort in their clothes and they will not submit to the discomfort of corsets merely for the sake of thinking they make them more beautiful. French women, whose clothes are cut differently than those of American women, are used to discomfort and they may be willing to wear corsets. But not American women!"

Barbara Stanwyck, Hedy Lamarr, Jeanette MacDonald, Loretta Young, Priscilla Lane, Rosalind Russell, Alice Faye, Ann Sothern and Dorothy Lamour all insist they'll never, never, *never* wear those awful stays. On the other hand, Virginia Bruce insists that she likes them—and intends wearing them.

With all the battling pro and con it is probably Joan Bennett who has made the most sensible statement. Said Joan, "I don't think I will be corseting myself, though if corsets really come into the fashion spotlight, I am sure I will follow the trend even though discomfort is involved. Along with lots of others, I have from time to time sacrificed comfort in order to look smart and I will do it again by wearing a corset if style demands it." And so will you, my Hollywood Beauties.

SONJA HENIE (center): "The modern woman is too independent, and her natural figure is usually so good that she is not going to be laced into a corset."

Hi, Mrs. Chips!

Continued from page 34

the fact that Hedy Lamarr is a good cook is of more lasting value than that her velvet skin send men to their death. At any rate, there was I, eyes bugging away, thinking, This is NOT *Mrs. Chips!* This tall, beautiful woman with Florentine red hair, white skin, green eyes, vivid mouth, wearing a frock of cleverly chosen Kelly green, a Roman-striped scarf casually flung about her throat—no, no, I hadn't expected *Mrs. Chips* to look like this. I hadn't been prepared for such fire and brilliance. I'd imagined Greer's hair would be golden-brown, her eyes blue or gray, and something sort of *wifey* about her personality. Charming she would be, I'd thought, gay and all that, but *wifey* and it was only after I'd managed to control my eyes and head that I took a closer look-see and just at that moment Greer pushed her fiery mane high on her head and I cried out, *"Mrs. Chips,* ma'am!" For there were those little tendrils which nestled at the nape of *Mrs. Chips'* neck, and then, as she talked, I perceived the sweet, controlled mouth, the tenderness, the pungent humor and I thought, it's all right—and we settled back, Greer, her mother, and I, to those wisps of cucumber sandwiches and I rested comfortably in the conviction that Greer, even as *Mrs. Chips,* would share her cucumber sandwich with shy *Mr. Chips,* would take such an one as *Mr. Chips* into her compassionate arms, giving him of her abundant life, loving him for the very qualities, seldom and nostalgic, which made him frustrate and unsuccessful. Yes, in all essentials Greer Garson and *Mrs. Chips* would be one and the same.

Also, as I discovered, Greer is an excellent business woman with the business woman's understanding of the other fellow's job. She knew that I had come for as much information about herself as I could dredge out of her and she didn't make it necessary for me to delve and dredge. As copiously as she poured tea and dispensed tea cakes she dispensed such facts as she thought would interest me

ROSALIND RUSSELL (top): "If you can wear one and get away with it more power to you. It just makes the simple matter of sitting down a major problem."

about her life; the "pattern," as she calls it which has brought her to Hollywood. She didn't fein and fence with me, coyly pretending that I had no special interest in her but had really come to call on her Siamese cat which wandered lovingly about and around her million dollar legs (though they'll never be called that again, I daresay; they'll never get their just due on account of how she has brains and breeding) being as how dropping in on Siamese cats is an old custom of interviewers.

No, first confessing that "I am extremely garrulous," that even as a child she stopped strangers and told them tall tales just for the joy of talking, she got to the point and began by telling me that the name, Greer, is a contraction of McGregor, the North of Ireland clan of McGregors, who were so hunted and persecuted that they went around, sort of incog, calling themselves the Greers. Her mother's maiden name was Greer. And the name of Garson is Scandinavian. And that one of her father's ancestors was among the Vikings who migrated to the Orkneys in Northern Scotland a century or so ago and called themselves Orkadians. Perhaps she should have changed her name to something more befitting a movie actress. "Something like Yola Molanda Maloona," she said, eyes crinkling, for last year, she told us with pardonable pride, she had a total fan mail of five letters (before "Mr. Chips," of course) and four of them were addressed to *Mr.* Greer Garson, not to mention the advertising matter with which she is deluged, all having to do with shaving lotions and beard softeners! But then, she never expected to be a movie actress, of all things.

The "pattern" of her life, Greer told me, apologetically, isn't very interesting. Except for the strange fact that neither by birth nor environment nor contacts nor association of ideas was there any explanation of the fact that she was born knowing that she simply *had* to be an actress. For she was born in a little country village in County Down in the North of Ireland. Her father died before she was one year old, so there were just the two of them, Greer and her mother. And of her mother Greer says, "I call her my 'prop' mother because she's so perfect you can't believe I got her naturally—you'd swear she'd been hired to play the rôle!" And so most of the first nine years of Greer's life were spent on that little farm which had been her mother's childhood home. And all of her first memories have to do with watching her one girl friend, the girl who drove the cows in at milking time, spray the foaming milk into shining pails; of watching the butter being churned, of feeding ducks and geese and chickens—farmyard sights, scents and sounds, and not a neighbor within sight, quietness in which to dream. All this very far from the world of the theatre, *very* far from Hollywood, not to mention that, on both sides, her forebears ran to academic pursuits, being parsons, doctors, "heads," elders of the kirk—but rebels among them, too, come to think of it, the hunted Greers, the wanderlusting Orkadians—the mixture of the Nordic and the Celtic which can brew shapes of strange enchantment, as everybody knows—so perhaps there *is* explanation, not in fact but in fantasy, for the child on the Irish farm who knew that she wanted to be an actress even though there was no tangible explanation of how she knew what an actress was. Significant is another of her earliest memories, how she ran away from home one day and how her distracted grandmother found her in a nearby village, hobnobbing with some itinerant pierrots, one hand clasped in the hand of an especially beery-breathed pierrot, the other hand clutching a box of chocolates which



Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, and Lew Ayres, romantic trio in "Remember?" story of modern courtship and marriage, consulting with Director Norman McLeod.

she had won for her "performance" on the improvised band-stand. She had recited a little piece. "The chocolates," recalls Greer, "had that white look which comes to chocolates in extreme old age," and how her grandmother had seized her hand, "bouncing box of chocolates and all" and the pierrot still held her other hand, and how she sensed, even then, that she was standing at a crossroad between two ways of life, the chancy life of the pierrots, the safe, respectable but narrow life represented by her grandmother and how she still felt an inexplicable but potent ache for the beery pierrots even though she relinquished that grimy hand and trotted home with her grandparent who called Heaven to witness that "no granddaughter of mine will ever kick her legs on the stage!" and Greer has, she told me, a paternal great-aunt who, actually in these words declaimed, "Rather than see her on the stage I would see her *in her coffin!*" "But now," says Greer, "all is forgiven and they admit that 'times have changed!'"

So there was the child on the isolated farm about as far from footlights and greasepaint as any mortal could be, and yet all the child cared about there in the farmyard life of nature's unblushing facts of life, was make-believe. She sang before she could talk. She acted, she says, before she could behave. She gave little plays in the old barn. There's a sight I'd like to have seen! For the child was star, playwright, prompter, entrepreneur, and audience. In later years, whenever she was taken to see a play she'd be sick for days thereafter. Sick with excitement, sick with the longing to be on the other side of the footlights. "I must have been a pest of a child," Greer sighed, smiling at her mother, who replied flashingly, "There never is a dull moment with Greer around!" You perceive that the two are kin in taste as well as blood.

At the age of nine, she said, she and her mother settled near London, where Greer won school and university scholarships and studied also at the University of Grenoble in Southern France. Almost at once it became apparent that the academic chromosomes of the ancestral Greers and Garsons had come down to Greer. She achieved all kinds of scholastic honors and distinctions. And it was decided (by her family) that Greer should become a teacher in one of the English universities.

Greer knew that she had to earn her living. "We were poor," she told me, "not the kind of poor which would have compelled me to sell violets on street corners—nothing so dramatic as that! No, we had a 'small but assured income'—assured but *very* small is more like it! And we could have sunk into a nice, safe modest little life, but *I wanted more than that.*" Nor did Greer *want* to become a teacher. Teachers, she believes, should have vocations. She did not have the vocation. Not for teaching. For the theatre, yes; but Greer knew not a soul who could get her past a stage door. So Greer went into trade! She got herself a job with a sort of combined library and information bureau, an international corporation of substance and tradition. She had a mahogany desk, buzzers, buttons and authority. In the pursuit of her duties as a dispenser of information she was called upon to find out "almost everything about almost anything," from authentic details of marriage customs in the 18th Century to how London disposes of its waste matter, and where. She ranged town and country, museums, reference files, palaces and slums for her facts. She rubbed elbows and passed the time o' day with dusty bibliographies, tycoons, paupers, Mayfair's These Charming People, the literate and the illiterate, the sane and the insane. She found out what makes people tick, all sorts of people. "I found out," she says, "that people on the whole are grand! And that experience is the only real training school there is for an actress—the training school of life." For Greer doesn't believe that acting is learned only by taking fencing lessons, reading plays, going to dramatic schools, though all those things help. She holds that "everything in life goes to make an actress and the more life, the better."

But all the while she was working at her job she was doing amateur theatricals evenings and keeping a weather eye open for a chink to appear in the sealed fortress of the theatre. This chink finally appeared in the seemingly offhand appearance of a young man of her acquaintance who, one day, brought his actress sister into Greer's office to call on her. Not entirely, mind you, so that Greer could experience the thrill she did experience of meeting a real flesh and blood actress, but so that the actress could have the awesome thrill of beholding one of London's most successful

business women behind her buttons and buzzers. But instantly Greer perceived that the chink was chinking. And through this infinitesimal aperture marched our grim Greer—by telling the actress that she, too, longed to be an actress and how should she go about it? The young actress advised her to obtain an interview with the manager of Sir Barrie Jackson's Repertory Theatre. And to this young man went Greer. The young manager remarked, "There are one thousand experienced actresses on my waiting list." "I know," smiled Greer, sympathetically, that starry, ah-my-*dear* smile of Greer's, "but now there are one thousand and one!"

Well, and now we are nearly come to the end of the beginning, for the young manager possessed a divining rod, perhaps, or perhaps his head merely jittered as mine did, at sight and sound of her. Whatever his reasons, there was Greer, on the stage, in a dank black wig and pencil marks on her nose, playing the part of *Shirley Kaplan,* the Jewess in "Street Scene" and after the first performance some patrons of the theatre told the manager, "She is the only one to play the rôle—such a racial type!"

So Greer stepped from security and a marvelous job into "the chancy heaven of the theatre," at 4 pounds a week, and then what? But almost immediately she was playing leads. She toured with the company, playing different parts, in different towns, to different audiences. She played, at the last, a native part, a "pneumonia part," clad in grass skirt and cold chills and contracted throat trouble. A spell in the hospital ended summarily her bright beginning on the stage, and it was then, while discussing the advisability of returning to the comparative security of the business world, that Mrs. Garson realized how deeply her daughter loved the theatre. It was then she threw her hat and heart into the ring with Greer, come what may, nor has she ever wavered—not even when, back in London again, Greer found that no one knew her, no one cared about her, her book of good notices from the provinces meant nothing. She knocked on doors that did not open. They began living on capital, Greer and her mother. It was an anxious time.

And then, one day, Greer dropped in for a solitary luncheon at the University Women's Club in an austere London Square. Not far from her sat a woman, also solitary. A woman of obvious breeding and distinction who was, nevertheless, blatantly staring at Greer. The woman was Sylvia Thompson. The explanation of the staring was that she was about to produce a play, "Golden Arrow," and had recognized in Greer the one and only person to play "a part like a piano concerto" in "Golden Arrow"—and so the design was in the weaving again. The play was a flop, but Greer was an overnight sensation and critics raved. "Where has she been?" critics wrote, believing her to be the American girl she portrayed, "she has increased Britain's debt to America." And right here is the place to explain that I devoted so much space to my astonishment at her appearance, that anyone so sensational to the eye could be little *Mrs. Chips* because I did not then realize that in her is the capacity to be "all things to all men," that even as she *was* the dank-haired Jewess in "Street Scene," the American girl in "Golden Arrow," so she will continue to be utterly believable in any part she plays because she holds so much of the humanity in her knowledgeable heart. Then play followed play, success heeled and toed on success—"Vintage Wine," with Seymour Hicks, "Accent on Youth," "Butterfly on the Wheel," "Page from a Diary," "The Visitor," "Mademoiselle."

She was invited by British Broadcasting to star in some of its first Television productions—and did—as *Viola* in "Twelfth Night," *Lady Teazle* in "School for Scandal," and others, thus becoming the first feminine star of television. She had offers for films, at home, in Hollywood, but she was afraid of pictures—she didn't like to be photographed. She was afraid that if she went to Hollywood they would "make me play vamp parts which I would hate." She had heard tell of stage stars who signed Hollywood contracts only to be seen and heard no more and, she says, "for the next five years at least I was not interested in swimming, golf and sunshine"—and then she was playing the rôle of *Geraldine* in Gilbert Miller's "Old Music" and it was there that Louis B. Mayer saw her. Mr. Mayer invited her to join his after-theatre supper party, which she did (wearing an old red Tyrolean jacket which is now her dressing room mascot) and then and there Mr. Mayer asked her to sign an M-G-M contract, to come to Hollywood. Which Greer and her mother did. Mr. Mayer, she says, was so kind. The M-G-M Studios were so invitingly big and important. The movies are, after all, the New Medium and one must keep apace with the times. So figuring, Greer came to Hollywood. And she entered upon her loneliest, saddest year. They arrived and there was, says Greer, "A mild ripple and then silence. I was doing a Garson Getting Away From It All! I was invited to previews and dinners. I was offered four or five parts, none of which suited me, I felt. However, I *was* offered them and so I carried a load of resentment around with me and nowhere to put it. I was miserable. I was that dread thing—a nobody with a film contract! It was like having had a nightmare for years only to wake one day to find that the nightmare had come true! Then, as if that year was a person with some special vengeance to wreak on me, I did something to my back and suffered constant agony. I spent all of my earnings, that year, on medical care. I spent time in two hospitals, once for an appendectomy, and again for my back. I had seven doctors. I was finally told that I'd injured my spine and that only a delicate and dangerous operation would be my hope of freedom from pain. The operation meant months in bed and in a plaster cast. 'This,' I said to myself and, I now know, Mother said to herself, 'is the end of everything!' Then began preparations for 'Mr. Chips.'" Five stars of the starriest magnitude were up for the coveted part opposite Robert Donat. Greer's name wasn't even mentioned. Certainly she had made no test. Director Sam Wood saw dozens of tests but none fitted his mental picture of *Mrs. Chips* who should be, he felt, all woman, warm, and wise and witty, gay and grave —GREER! The day before he left for England Mr. Wood stepped into the projection room to view a final series of tests. Among them was one of Greer Garson which had been slipped in by mistake. It was a test she'd made for another picture. I don't know what Mr. Wood said when he gazed upon Miss Garson, but it was probably *"Mrs. Chips,* ma'am!"

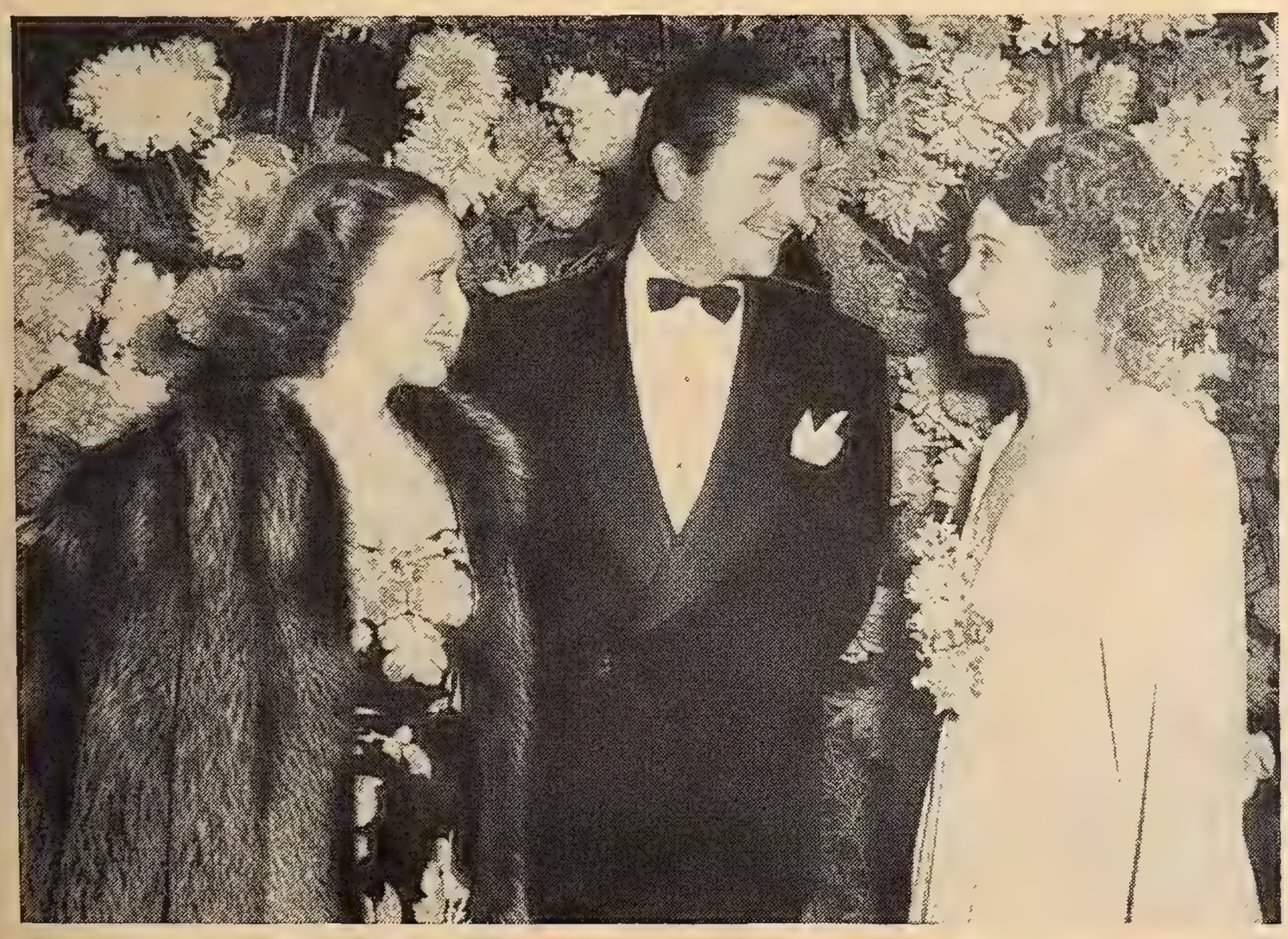
And you know the rest. Greer, by the way, was screamingly funny about the night we previewed "Mr. Chips" here in Hollywood. With relish she told of the elaborate precautions the studio took for her to leave the theatre after the premiere, safely. "They apparently expected," she laughs, "that we would be torn limb from limb, mother and I. Nobody so much as glanced at us, but *I* happened to glance at mother as, unbesieged by so much as a single autograph seeker, we drove off by a side door, and I saw that the poor darling's smile was fixed but her eyes a little wistful!"

You know, now, that Greer Garson had to come 6000 miles from England to Hollywood, go 6000 miles from Hollywood back to England again before she "arrived" in Hollywood. (And on the way to England, and thanks partly to an osteopath and partly, no doubt, to the psychological "lift" she was experiencing, the spine ceased to pain her, a slight maladjustment was righted). You know now that she has made "Remember?" and that she is to star in "Susan and God." And, M-G-M holding her as the brightest jewel in its crown, to keep on starring.

And now she is happy, she says. She feels that people like her. She likes the Hollywood people. She was going to have dinner with Bette Davis, to meet Bette for the first time, at Bette's invitation—the night of the day I talked with her. She loves California, the quiet, beautiful gardens of Beverly Hills. Now she wants only to keep well, to keep her sense of humor, her sense of proportion and to work.

"Marriage?" I said to her, as we walked down the garden path, her scarlet hair flaming against the white beauty of oleanders.

"I hadn't thought of that," said Greer.



The Robert Youngs and Lillian Gish attending premiere. Lillian's in Hollywood doing research for "A History of Hollywood," which she and D. W. Griffith may film.

Hollywood at High Noon Continued from page 33

Derby are now done in the paper he picked. I've seen Warner Baxter swamped in travel folders and Baedekers and general travel information. All the excitable, irritating odds and ends and all the big decisions fall into the noon hour. Everything is more intense then, more emotional.

There's something about the semi-tropical Hollywood mid-day that is reality and drama in itself. It's so definite, so true. It's the one thing that isn't phony or affected. You can see all of Hollywood then as it actually is, over-publicized, gauche, eager for newness, worshipping beauty and ability. You can feel its jealousies, its hates, its heartbreaks, and its happiness. You can see your favorites as you never thought you'd see them. You can get a vivid picture of its almost primitive enthusiasm. Everything, undisguised, comes to the glittering surface at noon in Hollywood.

There is as much acting here, good and bad, during lunch time as you've ever seen on the screen. I've seen Paul Muni in the rôle of Beethoven these many months before he will appear as this genius in film. I sat through an intensely interesting hour-and-a-half luncheon, and over meager, cold vegetables with sour cream dressing heard Muni and his wife Bella dissect emotions and sonatas and camera angles. I heard him read lines for the right inflection. I saw the pain of Beethoven in Muni's face as he strained to hear notes that were dead to his ears. I've already seen Muni as Beethoven.

And just recently I saw either half of a very young and a very pathetically separated screen couple spend a whole lunch hour in an unreal, sophisticated act for the benefit of all who cared to see. They sat on opposite sides of the Beverly Hills Derby, each appeared very gay and twentieth century, each with a brand new companion, and each one not knowing that the puzzle and the unhappiness of their predicament was plainly visible in their faces. The striving for married happiness here proved too much, even for this young enthusiastic pair. I know they tried very sincerely.

I've seen acting here at lunch time that you wouldn't tolerate on the screen. I've seen a quite unimportant young actress sweep into the Beverly Hills Derby with all the flourish of a burlesque queen. In the same breath, with a voice reminiscent of an eagle protecting its young, I heard her demand a good table, insist on an engaging waitress, choose something impressive sounding on a plate to toy with (she didn't dare eat lunch) and then defiantly and expectantly survey the room for the effect she had created.

Not long ago I overheard a star that you've all known and admired for years put on an actressy, dramatic monologue that she never will equal on the screen for me. It gave me goose skin and a tingle up and down the spine. It was improbable but it was thrilling. And it was typically Hollywood at high noon when nerves are as taut as piano strings. She made the possibility of her being poisoned imminent because her maid had forgotten to pack one item of her specially prepared home-made luncheon. The maid had substituted from the studio commissary. The actress' flow of words had all the throaty drama of an unjustly condemned woman asking a jury to spare her life. Her words clicked with the fury of a machine gun. This idol of the working girl was without a scrap of her varnished screen glamor at that moment but I have never seen her more genuine. She was magnificent.

Really delicious food can be had at luncheon but it is of no importance. Everything is too aquiver with a kind of predatory expectancy. Gossip is an integral part of the restless excitement of the midday here. Amusingly and viciously it is drooled over vegetable salads or nutburgers or corned beef and cabbage or sole *meuniere*. Everyone seems waiting for something brilliantly startling to happen. And yet there is a dealing in plainer reality, too. I've seen Barbara Stanwyck spend her entire lunch hour planning a party for a club of underprivileged girls that she founded, when that important time should have been filled with pressing business decisions. I've seen Cary Grant dismiss an agent waiting for his endorsement of a nationally advertised product with a very substantial check. Cary chose to talk to a young man who needed talking to by someone he'd listen to. The young fellow had run away from home to find easy money in Hollywood and his family didn't know where he was.

I've seen Leslie Howard leave the set of "Gone With the Wind" and spend his entire lunch hour writing and making notes on "The Man Who Lost Himself." He will write the production for the screen, direct and produce it as his next picture.

I've watched stars, for charity's sake, act as waitresses at the Assistance League dining room. And I saw some ill-bred tourists, not long ago, let Penny Singleton know that they were frankly disappointed in getting stuck with her. They wanted Myrna Loy or Garbo, no less, to serve their table.

Courtesy here at lunch time seems somehow in direct ratio to the nicety of table manners. Beware of anyone who eats peas with their knife. The entire town is frankest at noontime. Most interviews are arranged for the lunch hour. Stars become very confidential over food. But upon reading the story at a more subdued hour, all meaty, really important statements are promptly cut from the manuscript. It's a sort of patronizing game of Indian giving and all writers learn to play it quickly, and to the particular advantage of the career in hand at the moment. The noon day is steeped in the desires, the criticism and the curiosity of millions of people who demand to know everyone of Hollywood's fascinations.

All the four-figure weekly salaries here and the yachts, the horses, the homes, the imported motors and the ranches; all this, coupled with very irregular working hours, combine to make the noon day the biggest business hour of the twenty-four. I've seen stars beleaguered with wild cat schemes by salesmen, business managers and relatives. I've been present during the supposed rest period of lunch time and watched the purchase of jewels and furs and annuities between bites of filet mignon or an avocado sandwich on rye. I've been present at the selling of horses, real estate and crops of citrus fruit. Believe it or not, I've seen a salesman, in deep earnestness attempt to persuade a top-notch feminine star, since gold cannot be hoarded, to invest her money in pellets of platinum to keep conveniently in a safe deposit box.

The Vine Street Derby is the big business luncheon spot. Producers, directors and stars are almost automatically given convenient telephone connections in their booths, with their menus. You always see the big New York bankers at the Vine Street Derby. When there is a financial shake-up in some studio and eastern brains have to come out to confer, you see them there. They invariably are with the top-notch, most popular golden girls of the screen who sparkle almost audibly. It's good publicity and good business for every one concerned. The longer I live in Hollywood the more I am convinced that acting success here is one part glamor and the rest wholly good business ability.

There is no luncheon spot anywhere quite like the Vine Street Derby. The combination of brains and beauty here at high noon is positively Machiavellian. They have waiters rather than waitresses here, and these men know every feud and place the counterparts in the "blind spots." The prominence of the caricatures of every screen player on the walls registers their up-to-the-minute importance or failing. You can see the beginnings, the endings, and the middle portions of a dozen different conniving intrigues here, each day at lunch time. Notes and drawings, telephone numbers and even songs written and left on the table linen are amazingly informative and sometimes embarrassingly amusing. It's not unusual to see a chorus stepper lunching with a titled European and many is the unknown girl who, over lobster Newburg here, was assured that she would be signed to a contract, and the New York office couldn't do a thing about it.



International

Fearing for her safety because of European hostilities, Annabella flew across the Atlantic to get daughter Ann, who was in France, and brought her to Hollywood. Ann's lucky to have Tyrone Power for a stepfather.

Lately I've seen both Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at lunch at Ruby Foo's (this is the old Vendome) with decorator Tom Douglas and a few days later with Bill Haines at the Victor Hugo. They are deep in the business of buying advice and decorations for their ranch home. I can't quite see streamlined, brittle Lombard on a ranch, even a very exceptional one. But they seem happy as larks.

The noon hour is the time for smart salesmen to pull their high-pressure tricks. Not long ago a young actress at Paramount left the lot at noon to buy some cough drops and came back in her own brand new, just purchased limousine. No one was more surprised than she.

The showing off of wits and clothes and wealth is at a peak at lunch time. You can sense a little, then, of how the adulation

of millions of people can warp or enrich a personality. There are fashion-plate lunchers here, who appear only at noon time to be seen and to see. There are curiosity lunchers; all the hangers-on in every phase of the industry, along with the tourists and thrill hunters. They make it their sacred and unjustified duty to be present at the luncheon spot that will boast the most celebrities for the day. There are the jewel displayers who for some reason are regarded with genuine envy. Paulette Goddard wore every one of her many emeralds for the first time at a luncheon at the Turf Club, and I saw eyes turn green at her jewels in admiration. I saw a crowd of outdoor lunchers at a drive-in, just the other day, watch Sigrid Gurie in startled fascination. She munched a sandwich while a mountain lion, or a wild cat (I won't try to name it) nervously paced the back seat of her car. Sigrid was as cool and unconcerned as a cucumber. Anywhere else that would have been downright silly. But here it is considered a part of the mad scheme.

Len Weissman

Getting ready for a Merry Christmas! Virginia Field, who's using her shoe to nail a wreath with bells on her front door, is appearing in "The Cisco Kid and the Lady," with star Cesar Romero, and Marjorie Weaver.

At a studio commissary yesterday I saw the president of a small Midwest fan club rendered absolutely immovable with excitement. She sat goggle-eyed in a purple print and a complete daze. The Ritz brothers trying to top their wit pounced on her and demanded autographs with all the overzealous eagerness of real hounds. The girl choked on her tuna-on-whole-wheat and nearly fainted dead away.

Besides all the other climaxes, mid-day is Hollywood's most genuine trysting hour. There are tête-à-tête luncheons at unknown out-of-the-way places where there is less popping of flash light bulbs. Hideaway luncheon spots are in the vogue now. There are more demands for privacy. And yet the demands usually allow a loop-hole for favorable mention in at least one syndicated column. But that, too, you understand is good business. It doesn't take long for a new Hollywood personality to learn that. Regardless, love has its most advantageous innings at high noon anyway. I've seen Cary Grant spend an entire lunch hour at his dressing room telephone talking to Phyllis Brooks who was working twenty miles away at another studio. He ate his lunch from a tray, had a number of fittings, talked to me and never missed a word over the wire. That's love I guess. I realized he didn't care what was happening or being said there in his fancy dressing quarters. All that mattered was that lilting inflection from the receiver. Can you blame him? Sometimes the couples arrange surprise or birthday luncheons for each other on their respective sets. Everyone is democratically present, all the crew and cast. Everything is gay camaraderie. The principals hold hands at their end of the table during the entire hilarious hour of pranks and wit.

Even food combinations here are influenced by the rampant romance of high noon. Lowly sandwiches are given romantic names. You can get a Liebestraum (dream of love) sandwich at an open air eatery in the strip. (This is getting to be too much even for me.)

Couples that shouldn't be seen together regularly because of the gossip they cause are treated with more kindness at noon. "Lunching" sounds much less involved in print than "dining." But Hollywood can be as cruel as it is kind. There is no escaping the hurts or the heartaches of high noon. The biggest names and the most inconspicuous extra feels a little of the harsh reality of Hollywood's most eventful hour.

Projection rooms can be torture chambers at high noon. The mid-day hour when rushes and tests are shown can be the height of a nervous hell. This happened at the most impressively important studio in town. The woman you know. Everyone knows her. In this test her youth and passion filled the room. The screen shimmered with her beauty, her stunning black gown revealed every line of her figure. Her lips were softer than honey. Any other woman in Hollywood would have given a year's salary to be in those glamor-ridden shoes. And yet that woman watching the test went cold suddenly. Her beautiful eyes showed the torture she was in. They were the eyes of the unhappiest woman in Hollywood. When you see her in her next picture, her beauty will take your breath away. Her figure will burn men's eyes. You won't be supposed to notice anything else. Her name will continue to be overworked by college boys and bank clerks with sly, knowing winks and insinuations as to her potent appeal. It's not exactly a situation that makes for a simple, unaffected, happy marriage.

Yes, it was Hedy Lamarr, and that hour was the most dramatic in her career. Despite her sudden, unexpected marriage to Gene Markey Hedy will still have to sell her sex appeal rather than her acting to recoup the million dollars that was squandered on her picture that's now on the shelf. That noon hour proved that in spite of all her studio's efforts for a complete change in her type of rôles and even her name, Hedy was just about where "Ecstasy" left her. That one restless, eventful high noon tangled even her new happiness in the meshes of her devastating femininity.

Hollywood has come to be the emotional wedge in everyday existence to millions of people all over the world. It has become their drama, their comedy. Seven days a week from dawn till midnight, and occasionally later it flings itself to the remote corners of the world by radio, telegraph and cable. And at home it never lets down, either. It puts on a good show always. It lives to the quick and it sinks to the very core. It deals in loves and hates. It thrills. And, each day, it builds itself up to a seething new height of fascination at high noon.

Claudette Roughs It

Continued from page 51

said, "Colbert's gonna be mad." It seems there is a supposition going around that when a luxury-loving Glamor Girl, used to comfortable, cool studios and silky dressing rooms, goes on a location and meets life in the raw, she suddenly loses her sense of humor, if any, and becomes a combination of Catherine of Russia and a boa constrictor.

And then, a morning later the following "adv." appeared in the *Camp Drums Daily News:*

BIG SHOW TONIGHT
See the latest thing in plumbing!
Claudette Colbert's trick folding
bath will be on view for one night only.
Tent #3
ADMISSION .....25¢
With Colbert in it.....15¢

"Whew," said the crew of "Drums along the Mohawk," "Colbert's gonna scream and yell when she reads that!" And Colbert did scream and yell—you could almost hear her in Cedar City, forty miles away—but it wasn't from fury. Claudette has received some pretty good press notices since she's been in pictures, but she never bothered with them. However, she grabbed up as many copies of the *Camp Drums Daily News* as she could lay her hands on and mailed them to her family and friends in Hollywood. And when she was named Campfire Chieftainess you would have thought she had just received an Academy Award. No wonder the oldtimers were a trifle confused. "It just ain't natural," they said.

Well, I'm telling you, Director John Ford and the crew of "Drums" had every reason to expect Colbert to be a Problem Child. Born in Paris, educated in New York, and "at home" the past six years in the most luxurious section of Los Angeles, Claudette is just about as backwoodsy as a Flato diamond bracelet. She simply radiates chic and sophistication. The nearest she has ever gotten to the forest primeval was when she drove through snatches of it on the Chief, Santa Fe's de luxe train, extra fare. And I doubt that she saw it because she usually sleeps on trains.

Oh, yes, Claudette has been on location before. You can't be a top-notch movie star and avoid locations, no matter how much you hate them. There was the time she went to Arizona to do "Under Two Flags." The cast and the crew slept and ate and batted flies in Tent City, near the edge of the sand dunes, 110 degrees in the shade; but Claudette discovered that Yuma was only a half hour away so she put up at the San Carlos Hotel and bravely endured the hardships of an air-conditioned suite, with room service. When Wesley Ruggles took the "She Met Him in Paris" company to Idaho for the snow sequences, Claudette lived in the most expensive suite of the swank Sun Valley Inn, which was up to its gables in skiing Vanderbilts and Harrimans. When she wasn't working Claudette could enjoy the luxuries of the capitalists, which, as luxuries go, aren't bad. And the cuisine—ah, me, the cuisine she was bee-ou-tiful. Imagine, frog legs, escargots, and baked Alaska, all on the menu the same night!

So when they broke it to Claudette that the "Drums along the Mohawk" company would have to spend a month on location near Cedar City, Utah, Claudette said isn't it too bad but there must be a rather nice hotel in Cedar City. She received quite a jolt when she heard that Edna May Oliver, who plays an important part in the picture,



Gloria Faythe, above, and the other dancing girls in "On Your Toes," the picture co-starring Zorina and Eddie Albert, don't waste any time between scenes—they tend to their knitting until Director Ray Enright shouts: "'On Your Toes,' girls!"

had definitely refused to go to Utah. Miss Oliver had even produced a contract which said that Miss Oliver didn't have to go to Utah, or any location she didn't like. And Claudette didn't feel any happier about it when she ran into Carole Lombard at a party one night and Carole said, "I hear you're going to that awful location near Cedar City. My dear, you'll loathe it. There isn't even any plumbing. I made a picture there once and haven't spoken to the director or anyone in the cast since."

Good heavens, thought Claudette, what's wrong with Cedar City? Well, as a matter of fact, as she discovered later, there is really nothing wrong with Cedar City, *except* that it happens to be forty miles away from the location. The roads are narrow mountain roads, and bumpy. There would be *no* commuting between Cedar City and Camp Drums for Mr. Ford's comfort-loving star. Her spirits dropped right into the heels of her shoes when she saw what her "home" was to be for the next four weeks—a tent, with the sun beating down on it like forty million ovens in the daytime, and icy winds fairly blasting her out of bed at night. "I've—I've never lived in a tent before," said Claudette sadly as a nostalgia for her exquisitely decorated bedroom with the specially made mattress swept over her—but no one seemed to care.

The tent was furnished with a grass mat, an army cot with six blankets (all of which she used at night with a fur coat and a sweater on top of them), a make-up table, a chair and an oil stove. "I have to have a bath," said Claudette meekly. And a prop man, with a tender heart, dashed over the mountains to Cedar City and returned with a *folding rubber bathtub*—which was quite the sensation of the entire camp, and for which Claudette was later charged fifteen dollars.

There were no frog legs, escargots and baked Alaska on the big table in the mess tent that night—or any night. There were huge platters of ham, and eggs, and potatoes, and canned vegetables. The "china" was so heavy you could barely pick it up (as a scientific experiment one of the boys threw a saucer against a pile of stone one day, without even nicking it), and you practically had to be a Ubangi to get your lips over a cup. The first night at dinner Claudette was very much the charming hostess and passed the bread, and then she passed the potatoes, and then she passed the meat—and suddenly she discovered that when the dishes got back to her there wasn't anything in them! The next night she grabbed with the best of them. The third night she learned to spear a chop fifteen feet away.

That first night the crew gathered around a huge campfire and told stories about other locations but Claudette decided to read some magazines she had brought along (Claudette rather prides herself upon being one of the best informed stars on current events) and so retired to her tent and prepared herself for a literary evening. She was just finding out what the C.I.O. said to the I.A.T.S.E. and the A.F.L. said to the A.A.A.A. when the light, none too strong at best, flickered and went completely out. "Hey," Claudette shouted to a couple of workmen passing by, "my light's out. Will you please fix it for me? I can't even see to undress." "Too bad, Miss Colbert," said the workmen, "Mr. Ford's orders. All lights must be out at eleven."

"Well," said Claudette, "Well." And for the first time since she gave up pigtails and dolls she went to bed without cold-creaming her face. She had hardly closed her eyes before it was five in the morning and the bugle was blowing and it was time to get up.

And then it was that the old-timer location folk had the surprise of their lives! The "great star," whom they had expected to be about as chummy as an iceberg, suddenly announced that she hadn't had so much fun in years, and why didn't they slip off when Director Ford wasn't looking and go fishing. And Colbert wasn't acting! (She's not *that* good.) She *really* was having the time of her life. She sat around the campfire at night swapping jokes (she threw in a couple of whoppers which no one believed), she bent over double with laughter when a hairdresser and a man from the wardrobe did a cruel impersonation of her best love scene with Henry Fonda, and she got herself involved in a "Hearts" game with Henry, Director Ford, Ward Bond, and John Carradine that lasted off and on for days. And Claudette hates any kind of a card game. "I have no card sense," she says. "You're telling *us*," snapped Mr. Ford, "stop dropping those hearts when you know he's going for them." Boyoboy, they certainly pushed La Colbert around in that "Hearts" game. "And then they played a dirty trick on me," Claudette told me later. "All while I was losing they were playing for five cents a point. Then I began winning the last few days, and I thought I had run myself up quite a neat little sum. And do you know, those so-and-sos then informed me we were only playing for a *cent* a point! I gave all the money I had to the help there at the Camp, expecting, of course, to receive fifteen dollars or more from my card-playing friends for my tips on the way home. They gave me two dollars and a few pennies. I have never been so embarrassed on a train in all my life—I couldn't look the porter in the face—and I arrived home without a nickel."

As Campfire Chieftainess Claudette had to join with Henry Fonda, Director of Campfire Activities, to plan the gala dance they had in the recreation tent one night. Henry rounded up an orchestra from a nearby C.C.C. Camp, but on the night of the dance only two musicians appeared, a boy who played a banjo, and another who played a clarinet. "Where are the other boys?" Claudette asked the banjo-player. "Mr. Fonda said you had an eight-piece orchestra." "Yeah," said the boy, "we got eight pieces. But the other guys thought it would be more fun to go over to the dance at Panguitch tonight. The girls are prettier over there." "At least you're frank," said Claudette, and sent Henry off for a property drum and a few pie pans.

But one morning the Colbert temper exploded. And for several hours the personnel of Camp Drums was treated to magnificent fireworks. Even Pola Negri could never have been that good. It started the night before when Claudette was in the recreation tent taking insults from the boys in a "Hearts" game. There was a sudden explosion and investigation revealed that the oil stove in the Colbert tent had blown up. The lights went out soon after the explosion and Claudette decided to jump right in bed and be big about the whole thing, and simply demand a new stove in the morning. But when she waked the next morning she was in black-face. Soot from the exploded pipes was all over the tent, top to bottom. And goodness gracious, was she mad! What she called *that* stove, and *that* tent, and *that* location! For hours she beat blankets and rug and mattresses, ordered buckets of water and scrubbed away like a New England housewife. Then she brought out the folding rubber bathtub and did a good job on herself. She was introduced as "Ole Mammy" Colbert that evening at the dinner table, and the Fonda Minstrel Show offered to make her "end man."

"My face," said Claudette, "has startled me many a morning when I looked in my mirror. But I never was startled that badly before."

The last edition of the *Camp Drums Daily News* carried the following item:

> A medical convention was held in Camp Drums last week-end. Outstanding event of the meet was a paper entitled, "Patients Who Have Died On Me," read by Dr. Claudette Colbert, local sawbones.

From which I gathered that Claudette had been up to her old tricks again—practicing medicine without a degree. One of these fine days she's going to land in jail.

Patroness of Music

Young Fashion Artist

—But they BOTH give their skin the SAME FAMOUS Simple Care!

***…ler Piano*—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton** …reatly admired in New York social … musical circles for her charm and talent.

***Begins Art Career*—Katherryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.**

…STION TO …. HAMILTON:
…h so many demands …your time, Mrs. …milton, how can you …p your skin looking …eautifully cared for?

…WER:
…y skin care is amaz-…y quick and simple. … I do use two creams. …d's Cold Cream for …nsing and softening …skin—Pond's Van-…ng Cream to smooth …ghnesses."

…STION TO …. HAMILTON:
…'re known as quite a …is fan, Mrs. Hamilton. …sn't all that exposure …un and wind roughen …r skin?

…WER:
… might if I weren't …ful to protect my skin …n Pond's Vanishing …am. Just one applica-…n of that smooths little …ghnesses right away!"

…STION TO …. HAMILTON:
…w do you keep your …ce-up so flattering …ughout a long evening?

…WER:
… preparing my skin for …ce-up with 2 Creams. …en I first cleanse … skin with Pond's … Cream and then …oth it with Pond's …ishing Cream, make-… goes on evenly and is …ly there to stay!"



Begins Day with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewisohn Stadium.

***At The Opera*—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.**



From Choosing current fashions to trying modeling herself was Katherryn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.

Like Most Texans, Katherryn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Katherryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:
"Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peps up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER:
"That's just the point. It seems to me that cleanliness is the first requirement for a good skin—and I've found that Pond's Cold Cream is a grand cleanser. What's more, I love the way it softens my skin!"

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER:
"Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before make-up. It's a marvelous powder base."

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For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your regular purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.



One peep at this picture of the happy pair and you'll understand why Andrea Leeds feels that she and Bob Howard are marrying "for keeps." If you look close you can see Andrea's $25,000 diamond engagement ring.

How Second Love Saved Andrea Leeds

Continued from page 31

week's vacation. The day I left I saw Bob in the lobby, checking in at the hotel. I remembered him vaguely, so I nodded hello and that was all. I went on to Coronado when I had another week free. Believe it or not, but the day that I checked out there Bob arrived, and we passed and nodded in the lobby! But that is but the beginning. Ken Murray, a good friend of mine, went to New York the following week. Bob was on that train. Ken confided to him, 'I know the girl who's perfect for you!' When Ken got back he announced, 'Andrea, I've met the man.'

"He forgot to inform both of us who his choice was. So Ken and I went to the races at Santa Anita not long afterwards. Bob came over to our table. He and I talked for an hour and a half. I wondered how I could have ignored him; I wondered how any woman could have failed to see him. He is so striking in looks. He has everything to be conceited about, but there is no strain like that in him. He is tender, has a terrific wit that comes forth so rarely you practically fall over backwards it's so funny. He is very considerate, and point out the woman who doesn't adore that trait. He has been about enough, yet he is fresh. And I don't mean that in the slang sense!

"Ken phoned me that evening. 'What is this?' he demanded. 'Why am I the last one to know?' I didn't get it. 'Bob Howard insisted on my giving him your telephone number. *He is the man I've been talking to you about!*'"

"And," I interrupted, curiously, "did you 'go steady' after that?"

Andrea smiled. "As soon as we could; yes. We had a few friends we had to see for a while, unfinished business, you know!"

I caught up with her on the set of "Swanee River" at 20th Century-Fox, where she was undergoing plenty of ribbing about her marriage. Andrea isn't the wisecracking type; but she has a sense of humor and her amiability had director Sidney Lanfield teasing her continuously. But before he started the gags he made a gesture which indicates how she stands with her fellow-workers. The Tuesday afternoon after her memorable Monday night he led her to a far corner of the huge sound stage to presumably go over added lines with her. The crew sneaked around the opposite way and wheeled on a wedding cake the size of a table. It was decorated with a horseshoe. The entire company had cake and tea and toasted her.

She was accepting the sallies gallantly when she turned away from Don Ameche to talk to me. The hoop-skirt gown she was wearing prevented her from sitting down in any chair, so a prop boy popped up with a special stool each time she emerged from a "take."

"Each day," Andrea declared earnestly, when we'd eluded the funsters, "I say to myself, 'I can never enjoy life more than this. Never!' But the next day comes and I love Bob more. Ours wasn't one of those melodramatic courtships, you know. We aren't given to flying off the handle. That's why I don't think we'll ever have fights. Bob is conservative. He's quiet until you get to know him; I like that in a man. We liked one another's company as soon as we started going out together, but both of us imagined we were boring the other because we're both, by nature, quiet. I have never been mad in my life. Not once! I've never seen Bob angry, and people who've known him for years say they never have. That self-discipline makes sense to me. Oh, I become nervous when I do something wrong, but it's always inside me, never apparent. I grow calmer and calmer on the surface!"

"But the fiery Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, your boss," I said, "is undoubtedly explosive. And you walked out on him and into stardom, remember?"

"That was the one time they were going to give me glamor," she replied. "They fixed me up and tested me in a gold-diggerish rôle. I saw the test run off and I looked ridiculous. 'I won't look like that,' I announced. I just refused to argue about it." She was punished by being loaned for a bit part; but the bit was in "Stage Door" and Andrea was so outstanding she was welcomed back and established as a Goldwyn heroine!

She did not ask Mr. Goldwyn's consent to her marriage. "Why should I?" He wished her happiness when he heard about it. She is not going to retire, as has been reported. "How could I? After all, my contract has three more years and I certainly owe Mr. Goldwyn that much loyalty. Bob has only asked that I don't work constantly. Three or four pictures a year will be all right with him, if I've time between. We're going to have three months for a leisurely honeymoon trip!"

Andrea hadn't time to flirt like a débutante for she was cast in one film right after another from the time of her first date with Bob. He discovered that she isn't one of those fantastic actresses, with retinues and temperaments. Three years ago her parents built a comfortable home and she lived with them. Sam Goldwyn didn't attempt to mold her in his traditional pattern; she wasn't given a mysterious build-up as Anna Sten was. Andrea's been allowed to develop as the natural person she is. No mention was made of it in publicity, but she resided in her studio dressing room for more than two months of the time Bob was first rushing her. She'd retire there after their dates, to be on hand for work. She didn't have a maid, she made her own bed, did her own cooking there. Such sincere application, minus folderols, speaks loudly, I think.

"Why, I can cook anything you name!" Andrea boasted when she came out of another scene with Don Ameche. "You should have seen me at Del Mar one weekend during the races. I prepared spaghetti and meat balls for Bob and sixteen others. I had an Italian grandmother, and I've inherited her recipes. The kitchen wasn't equipped for the occasion, so I searched high and low until I located a kerosene bucket in the garage. I made the boys soap and scald it for five hours; I boiled the spaghetti in an ice cream freezer, and then mixed well.

"We're not sure yet whether to buy or build a home. I designed my dream house a couple of years ago, drew all the floor plans myself. It is informal, modern Colonial, with chintzes and linens; you can sit down and put your feet up anywhere. Bob thinks it more sensible to buy a place already built. But he says it's up to me."

It's so much sounder, the basis of this marriage, than the one Andrea missed. It was Jack Dunn, the English skater who came to America as Sonja Henie's co-star on ice, whom she loved before. He, also, had been quiet and considerate. He'd liked Hollywood and Andrea so well that he determined to become an actor himself. He had all the attributes and he was signed, was to have made his début in a stellar rôle just as Sonja did. During the extended negotiations Andrea was the one who counseled caution. She knew he couldn't concentrate on the myriad details of a budding career and be a husband simultaneously. When he brought her an

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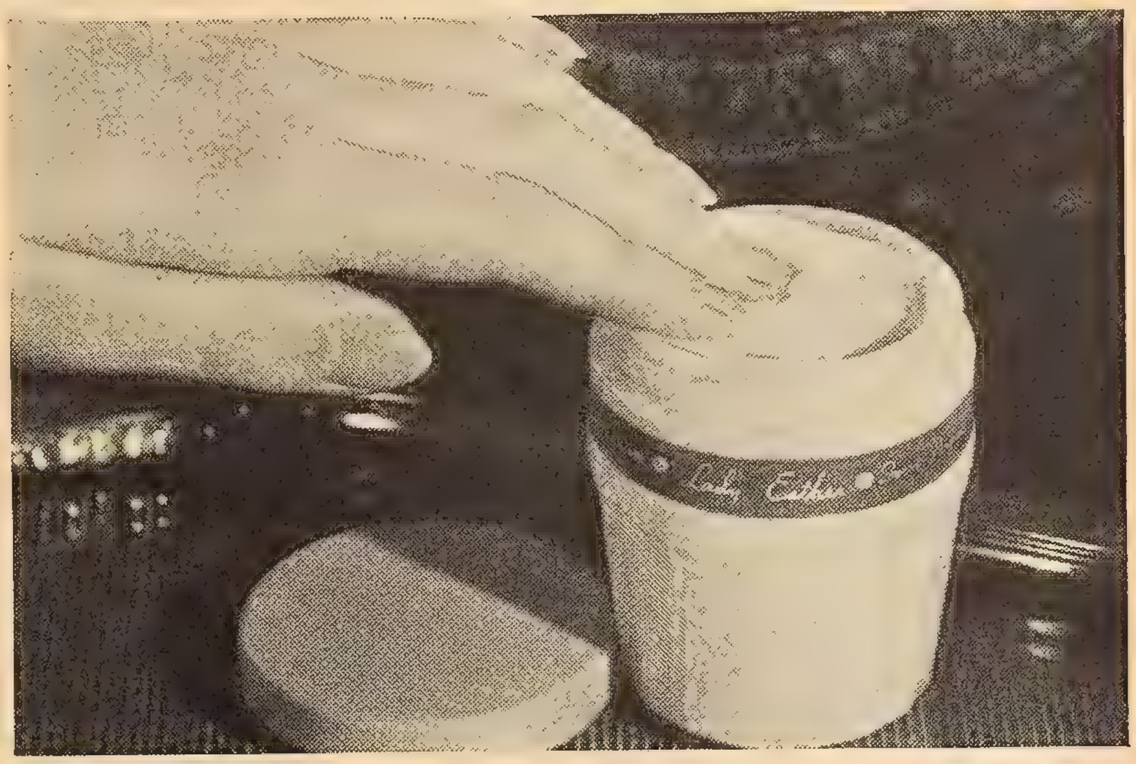
Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness? Why chance looking *older than you really are?* Give up those heavy, "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles—and turn, with youth, to my *more modern* cream!



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A softly glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances . . . to compliments and romance! Why deny yourself life's gayest moments? Why not look truly appealing? Give *your* skin "young skin care" —with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun . . . more happiness. You can be so alluring when you're *sure* of charm!



Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a *modern* cream that keeps your Accent on *Youth.* It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you make the test I suggest below and see if Lady Esther Face Cream isn't the *one* and only cream for *you?*

See the difference . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

TODAY, there is a very easy way to discover whether you are using the RIGHT face cream. You simply compare your present cream with Lady Esther Face Cream.

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Renounce all heavy creams for *just a month.* You'll find Lady Esther Cream, unlike many old-fashioned creams, cleanses thoroughly without harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

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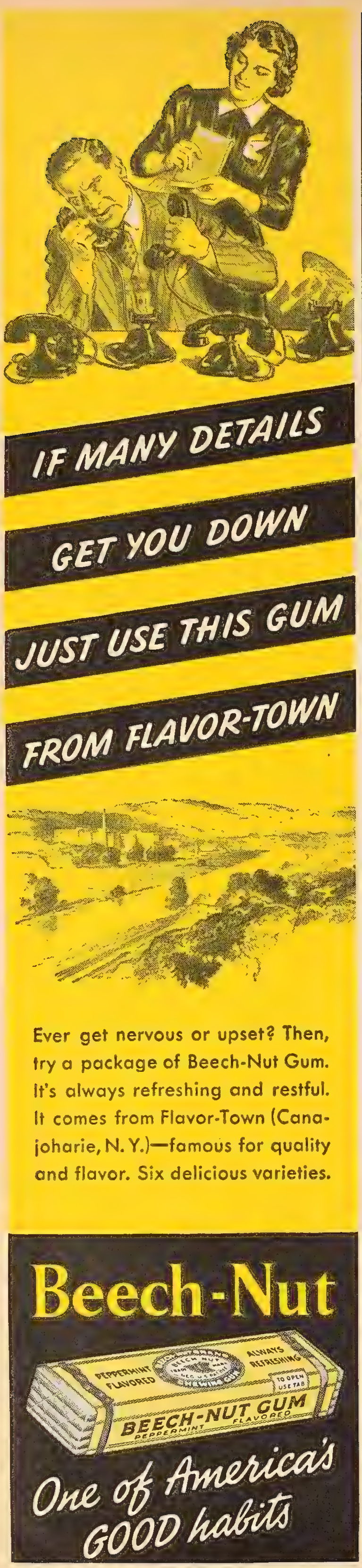
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engagement ring she refused it. They'd wait until he was over the early hurdles, the initial suspense, until he could be sure of some ground beneath his feet. He didn't want to wait. But there was a compelling sincerity in Andrea's pleading, so he acceded to her wish.

She felt she had been right until, with no warning, Jack was seized by an ailment so unexplored that even blood tests and an autopsy failed to identify it. The fever that consumed him, that made him cry out for her, his occasional hours of consciousness when she reassured him she'd not forsake him was an incomprehensible punishment. The virile young athlete, who had stardom straight ahead, died of the obscure sickness, after she'd spent terrible hours standing at his bedside.

She resumed work, but she couldn't drown her memories in acting because marrying, and a home, have always been far more important to her. I felt sorry for her; everyone did. But nothing anyone could say did any good. She had only regrets.

She doesn't compare Bob with Jack now, because she doesn't consider that good taste. She doesn't tell people that the night Jack died she had to enact a tragic scene being shot at the studio, especially timed because they wished to photograph the real tragedy in her face then. Andrea was almost frighteningly calm. She hasn't chalked that whole chapter off philosophically; she'll never say it happened for the best. Jack was too young; he had too much for which to live. But after she had despaired more than enough Fate, in the form of Bob, saved her from messing up a second opportunity for happiness.

She is frankly grateful for what Hollywood has done for her. "It has been a lovely experience, working in pictures." I know few actresses so appreciative, so above the petty. "I'm not disillusioned! Pictures have rid me of little nervous habits, helped me be a more attractive woman, and for that alone I'd be grateful. I expect I'll taper off gracefully. There are still those fine rôles I'd like to tackle.

"I've no sensational theories about marriage. I know Bob and I are suited to one another. We aren't opposites. We're marrying for keeps."

She had no notion she'd become a Goldwyn star, of all things! "I was treated like a boy by my father. He took me hunting and riding and inspired me with the desire to achieve. He presumed I'd want to make my way in the world. So I did want to do something. I'd observed the adults as I grew up, and I compared the unhappiness of the failures with the satisfactions of the successes." Andrea was born in Butte, Montana, an only child, but her parents have lived mostly in Mexico because her father has been a mining engineer there. There were dangerous days below the border, but "I was used to the uprisings and you take them for granted, like mosquitos in summer." She won't capitalize on the hectic things that surround her, claims she is too practical!

"When I came up to Los Angeles I wasn't movie-struck. I came to enter college here. I made a mistake on the starting date, so I was the first student on the University of California's new Southern campus! The only other soul there when I landed was the housekeeper at the women's dorm. There were no carpets on the floors there, no beds ready. I unpacked. It was raining pitchforks by the time I recognized I was starving. There were no restaurants within miles then. I phoned for a taxi. I waited an hour and a half. A tired taxi driver phoned me, 'I can't get up there because there aren't any streets to that place!' I had forgotten I had walked myself in from the nearest boulevard."

One of the most fashionable national sororities, the Kappa Alpha Thetas, pledged Andrea quickly. She majored in philosophy and English literature. Today she reads several books a day, is the best-read movie actress in Hollywood. She intended to write. The college plays she was in were her divertisement. A Universal talent scout offered her a stock acting contract, but she declined it. She didn't want to quit college in her junior year. When she graduated she made the rounds of newspaper and studio offices, attempting to secure some kind of a writing job. "I maneuvered a column in a highbrow weekly," she reminisced. "It was all I could get. I handled Mexico, wrote reams about it. I earned $3.50 a week with my typewriter. I also wrote scads of originals for studio consumption, and didn't sell a single scenario."

Everyone she met inquired why on earth she wanted to write when with her looks and college dramatic experience she'd probably make an excellent actress. Andrea was too down-to-earth to pay any attention to such complimentary chatter. One day she got her Goldwyn contract—because director Howard Hawks saw a 16-millimeter amateur drama in which she'd acted while in college. Quite straightforwardly, Andrea told Mr. Goldwyn she'd make a better writer than heroine. He disagreed.

Some folks call her a softy for not fighting more spectacularly for prima donna privileges. Andrea merely listens. She didn't let the dominating Samuel Goldwyn make her look ridiculous, even if he deemed it glamor, as a screen gold-digger. She has, I've detected, learned the fine art of listening, and then of serenely getting what she wants regardless. "And what I want most"—this is a last-minute quote—"is to be, above all else, the wife of Bob Howard!"

Candid Comic

Continued from page 63

the light is better?' when I come on a fine face, full of character."

Mischa didn't give up his idea of painting even when, after desperate adventures, he reached the safety of New York to make his home with his grandfather Leopold Auer, famous violinist and teacher of Heifetz, Zimbalist, and Mischa Elman. "I wanted to paint, but there was always the necessity for eating," he recalled, "so I took the closest thing and went on Broadway as an actor. From Broadway I progressed to Hollywood, where for a long time nobody seemed to be very pleased to have me. I mean as an actor. I shall never forget how kind they were to me as a man. Even the gas station man would say to me: 'Pay me when you get a job. I know how it is.' And the man who sells meat would tell me: 'Why don't you take this home now and later on you can settle for it?' I had never thought there was so much kindness in the world! Americans are kind people, and generous. I always paid them, of course, but they were taking a chance."

Eventually, as everyone knows, a parlor act he had used to amuse the guests of a host was remembered by a director, who used it—and Mischa—in "My Man Godfrey." And Mischa became a comic. Now, naturally, he thought of his great ambition. "I didn't have time to take lessons, or to do the work that I should have done as an artist, because I was all the time working before cameras," he explained, "so I took up photography. I didn't expect it to do more than help myself relax from picture work. I bought an inexpensive camera and began to practice, using my wife and my baby son, Tony. The boy showed his ap-

preciation of my new art by tossing the camera into the swimming pool! That encouraged me to go on and try to make good in his eyes. Now he is interested, too. He helps me make prints. We have a dark room in the basement here, where I do all my own developing as well as printing and enlarging. Come, see it!"

Tony, now about six, followed us down the winding stair to the narrow room, one end of which is the dark room, the rest the "portrait gallery," where a complete assortment of lights, screens, and lenses would turn any other amateur cameraman green with envy.

"That's a Mortinson screen," Tony pointed out. He looked at me to see if I were suitably impressed. A Mortinson screen, I discovered, is an etching mask, which, used over a portrait or scenic shot, gives the appearance of an old etching. "We have movies, too," went on Tony, rolling down a screen. "And talkies!"

"This is a story about candid cameras, please," said Mischa.

"Anyway, show her the talking part," urged Tony.

Mischa brought out the turntable, on which he plays records suitable to action on the screen. There are boat whistles, train whistles, traffic bells, soft, blaring or gay music. The Auers have complete records of all trips and all celebrations. So famous are Mischa's portraits of sitters that he has turned the hobby into a charity. When he makes pictures of friends and acquaintances he charges them "whatever they care to pay" and turns the money over to the church where he and his family worship.

"I have a gadget for taking my own picture," he observed, as we looked over the prints. "This one, with Rose Hobart and Vincent Price, walking in Central Park—I set the spring on the camera and ran and



Cecilia Parker, above, popular for her fine characterizations of MARION HARDY in the "Hardy Family" series.

as we walked toward it, the shutter clicked and there we are! It is fun, for a joke, but I do not like my own picture. I was making some fashion shots that day, using the skyscrapers that edge the park for a background. People watched us, as they will do, and when I made the self-portrait, they couldn't imagine what was wrong. Me rushing madly over to them and then all of us walking, with our teeth showing toward a tree!"

Children are Mischa's favorite subjects. Tony's is the usual child face seen in his shots, but while working in "Unexpected Father" the actor became intrigued with Baby Sandy and managed to snare several shots of her, which he considers among his best. "Children do not mind posing, if you make them think it's fun," he said. "Children are co-operative people. You have only to say: 'Will you help me, please? I wish to do so-and-so,' and they are most gracious. Of course, Sandy is not yet of an age to understand, but she is no trouble."

The only time Mischa ever lost his temper, according to Mrs. Auer, was the day they went out to Versailles, France, to get some pictures. After a twenty mile drive to the right spot, Mischa discovered he had loaded his pockets with film already exposed. "There are times when the camera makes me feel I am a temporary widow," she confessed. "We can hardly take a walk down the street without Mischa finding something he simply *must* photograph. We dash back for the camera, and try to get back for the picture while the light is still good. What we had meant to do, usually escapes us."

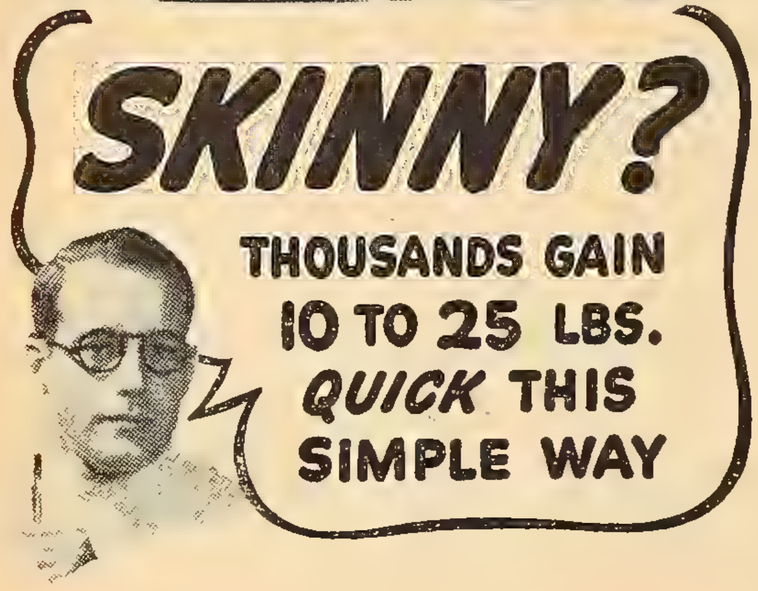
Mischa is to enter prints this winter in a salon competition. He has covered both the World's Fair in New York and the Exposition in San Francisco, taken pictures from mountain tops, ocean liners, airplanes and even from the back of a horse, but some of his finest shots have been made at social functions. Wearing white tie and tails, he wanders around among the guests, looking sad and gentle and snapping famous folk at unexpected moments. He has taken his camera into theatres, where from the front row he has made amazing shots of ballet dancers, chorus girls and burlesque queens. These go into the competition.

Mischa will have an exhibit in an art gallery, just as he dreamed at twelve. Judge for yourself if he should win a prize.





Posed by professional models



ARE you afraid you can never be naturally attractive in a bathing suit? Well, thousands of girls who once were skinny, tired, nervous—almost ashamed to be seen on the beach—have easily put on just the pounds they needed, gained normal health and pep and the natural good looks and popularity these bring—with these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets.

Science gives the answer

You see, scientists have discovered that countless people today are thin, rundown, tired, jittery—often unable to eat and sleep properly—simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder they have helped thousands of people who needed these substances to gain new naturally attractive pounds, new pep, popularity and success—often in just a few weeks!

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of the first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Of course inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So always insist on the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

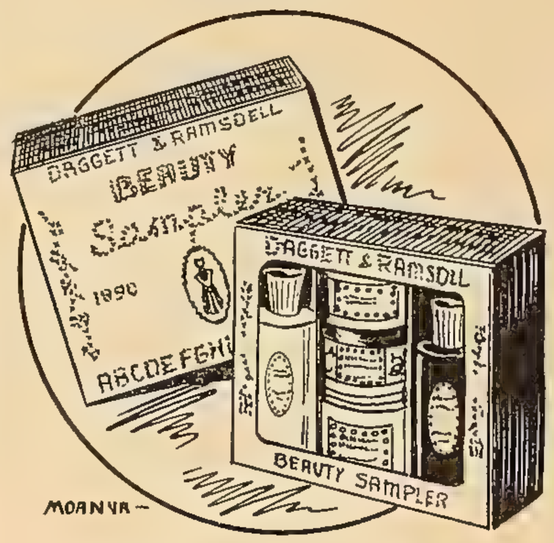
Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or your money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2612, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

Yours for Loveliness

With Winter, come beauty problems. Come, also, fine aids to our rescue.



Grand gift to yourself or others—Daggett and Ramsdell's "Beauty Sampler."

"BEAUTY Is As Beauty Does" is the motto on this "Beauty Sampler" kit by Daggett & Ramsdell. As to the doing of the fine preparations therein, have no doubt. The Daggett & Ramsdell aids have long been famous. Within the sampler box, with its cross-stitch decoration of alphabet and flowers, are a cleansing cream, foundation cream, face powder, hand lotion and skin lotion in ample quantity for a very thorough trial. Here is an opportunity, at a price to please, to indulge your personal taste for fine beauty aids and to check from your Christmas gift list a number of names of those who also adore ways to beauty. "Beauty Sampler" has a gifty, feminine appearance!

HINDS Honey & Almond Cream has a new sister, Hinds Hand Cream. This is the result of many requests for "Hinds in a jar." So here it is, a fragrant new cream to keep busy hands soft and smooth. You will like the speed and ease with which you can apply it; you will like the thorough manner in which it prevents and corrects chapping, roughness, dryness, flaking and cracked skin. You will find the jar easy to get at in kitchen, bathroom, desk drawer or on your dressing-table. You will find it an indispensable help for hands that, though they toil, certainly must not show it! In chain, drug and department stores.



"Hinds in a jar"—a new hand cream for that social grace to busy hands.

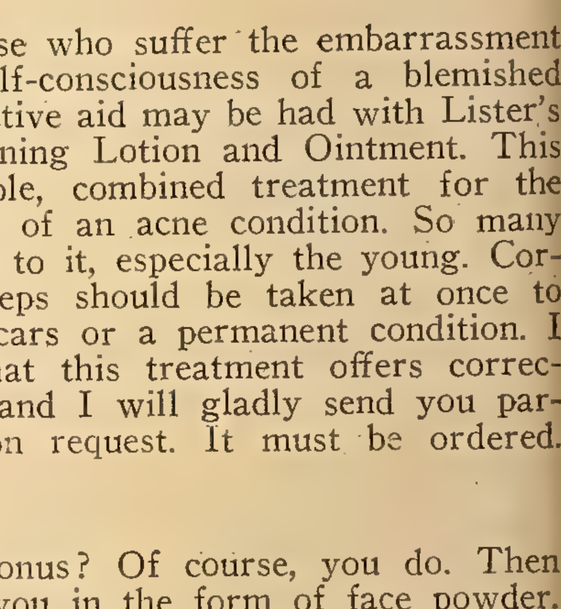
THE youngest color in the world for lips, pure red, *the* fashion color of the moment, appears in a Coty creation, "Magnet Red" lipstick. It is a rich, clear, ringing tone that makes you look so alive and fashion-right. It stays on faithfully and retains its vivid life. It has just the right degree of softness without being smeary. A grand, all-around tone if you have just one lipstick, too. In fact, this column is enthusiastic. "Magnet Red" comes in a double size Sub-Deb case, quite handsome looking.

FOR those who suffer the embarrassment and self-consciousness of a blemished skin, effective aid may be had with Lister's Skin-Cleaning Lotion and Ointment. This is a simple, combined treatment for the correction of an acne condition. So many are prone to it, especially the young. Corrective steps should be taken at once to prevent scars or a permanent condition. I believe that this treatment offers corrective aid, and I will gladly send you particulars on request. It must be ordered.



You get a present of face powder when you next buy Pond's Cream.

DO you want a bonus? Of course, you do. Then here is one for you in the form of face powder. For a limited time when you buy a large jar of Ponds' Cold Cream for Cleansing, a very attractive box of Pond's Face Powder comes packaged with it. But you pay for the cream only. This cream happens to be ideal for cold weather use, for it smooths and softens as well as cleanses. It leaves your skin fresh and ready for make-up. Indeed, it's a fine all-around cream. You have a choice of four smart tones in powder that gives your skin a velour finish, is glare-proof, light in texture but adherent. A delightful bonus that you'll enjoy using. You will find this offer in your favorite stores.



Blondex gives more beauty to blonde hair and helps you keep this natural charm.

THIS paragraph is dedicated to the blonde's ever-present problem of a suitable shampoo for this loveliest and most fragile tone of hair. Blondex is made especially for these blondes. It is an excellent, mild shampoo, safe for children. It washes hair lighter, gives it a glorious lustre and radiance by the thoroughness with which it removes oil and dust-film. It is a new method, a progressive lightener to dramatize your beauty. Just what you blondes need. C. M.

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 65 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Gloves by Julius Kayser & Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, Ohio
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
Emery, Bird, Thayer Dry Goods Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Stewart's, Louisville, Ky.
Bamberger's, Newark, N. J.
J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha, Neb.
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.
Rosenbaum's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.

Frock by Junior Formal, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Fleischman's, Albany, N. Y.
Leon Frohsin, Atlanta, Ga.
Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.
C. Crawford Hollidge, Boston, Mass.
Charles Stevens Co., Chicago, Ill.
H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Texas
Gano Downs, Denver, Col.
Blanche Le Baron, Grand Rapids, Mich.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Coulter Dry Goods Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Byck Bros., Louisville, Ky.
The Young Quinlan Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Lord & Taylor, New York City
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.
Ungar, Inc., Portland, Ore.
Best's Apparel, Seattle, Wash.

Foundette by Munsingwear, Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York City

George Marsh, Boston, Mass.
J. M. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.
The Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
Burdines, Miami, Fla.
Best & Co., New York City
J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha, Neb.
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.
Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.
Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.
Hale Bros., San Francisco, Cal.
Palais Royal, Washington, D. C.

Hosiery by Larkwood Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., 385 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Regensteens, Atlanta, Ga.
E. T. Slattery Co., Boston, Mass.
Miller-Taylor Shoe Co., Columbus, Ga.
Montaldo's, Columbus, Ohio
Himelboch Bros. & Co., Detroit, Mich.
Columbia Dry Goods Co., Houston, Texas
Sterling Stores, Little Rock, Ark.
J. W. Robinson & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
John Gerber Co., Memphis, Tenn.
The Young Quinlan Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bishop's, Inc., Norfolk, Va.
Nissen Shoe Store, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Bedell's, Portland, Ore.
Hudson-Belk Co., Raleigh, N. C.
Julius Garfickel & Co., Washington, D. C.

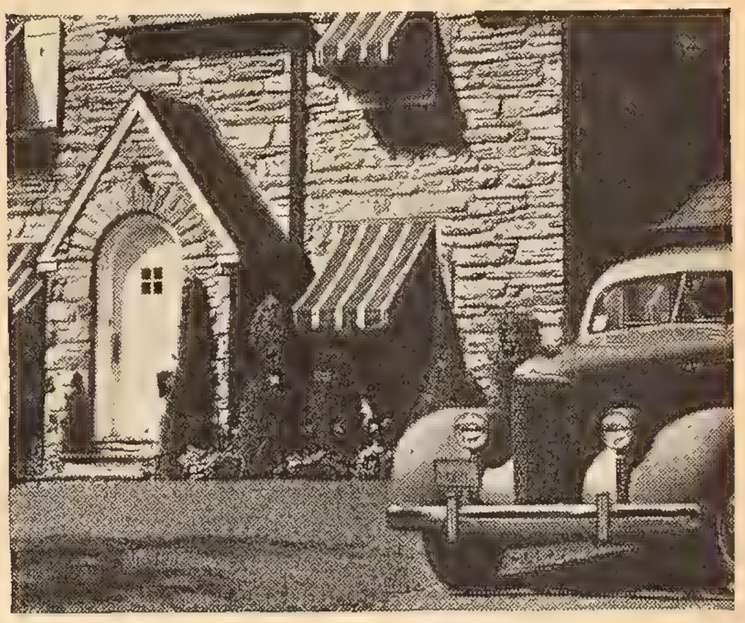


Beware of the ONE NEGLECT* that often Kills Romance

"An ideal couple" said all their friends when Jim and Vera were newlyweds, a few years ago. And "an ideal wife" thought Jim . . . But that was before they were married.



A lovely child the next year *should* have made their marriage still happier . . .



Plenty of money; in fact they seemed to have *everything* to make a marriage successful.



Yet they drifted apart . . . and their friends wondered why. So did Vera.

She was careless [or ignorant] about FEMININE HYGIENE

****This ONE Neglect*** few husbands can forgive. If only she'd *known* about "Lysol"!

Let "Lysol" Help YOU Avoid It

FOR 50 YEARS many doctors, nurses, clinics, *and thousands of wives*, have recognized in "Lysol" a simple, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene which any woman can use with confidence. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide. "Lysol" solutions spread and thus virtually *search out germs*. Directions for the many important home uses of "Lysol" are given on each bottle. Buy "Lysol" at your drug store.

Lysol Disinfectant



1889—1939, 50th ANNIVERSARY

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. S. 912, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

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"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new Pink packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

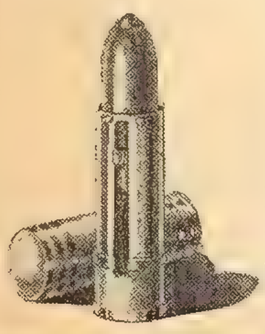


Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ...makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

HERE ARE MORE REVIEWS OF THE BEST MOVIES OF THE MONTH! YOU'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY GOOD PICTURES AS HOLLYWOOD IS TURNING OUT RIGHT NOW! HAVE FUN AT THE FILMS! **D. E.**



MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON
Columbia

A WONDERFUL picture, to warm the heart of every American! Director Frank Capra has poured his patriotic soul into this timely and provocative comedy drama, has cast it to perfection, and has turned out the best entertainment as well as the finest movie message of the month. This is NOT a propaganda picture, but an American saga of a naïve prairie lad of fine ideals and devotion to his country who, coming to Washington as junior senator, learns for the first time of the crooked political machine which appointed him and in a 23 hours' filibuster manages to smash it to smithereens. Much hilarity as well as heartthrobs as *Mr. Smith* upsets the national capitol by sticking to his old-fashioned ideals, and with the aid of a wise and pretty secretarial career-girl winning his battle. James Stewart couldn't be better as *Mr. Smith.* Jean Arthur is priceless as the pretty secretary, and Claude Rains, Thomas Mitchell and Edward Arnold perform flawlessly. Take the whole family!





THE RAINS CAME
20th Century Fox

YOU probably had a long, luxurious evening at home with Louis Bromfield's good, substantial novel about the life and love of the more colorful characters in a British colony in India. Now you can have another evening with the same novel, surprisingly enough brought to the screen intact, if anything enhanced by the Hollywood magic which turns on earthquakes and floods to order. It is still the human drama, however, which holds your attention. Most magnificently cast film of the month! Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power and George Brent are seen at their very best, and newcomer Brenda Joyce registers strongly with her fresh charm.

HONEYMOON IN BALI
Paramount

GAY, decorative, audacious, Edward Griffith's newest romantic comedy will charm you right out of the doldrums. It's smart, it's lively, it's daring in a well-mannered way. Madeleine Carroll plays a successful Manhattan career girl who has always been too rushed to bother about love but discovers, when Fred MacMurray saunters into her life, that she has been overlooking something—in fact, everything. Her capitulation to Fred's gallantries provides the frothy plot, with many side-glances at Miss Carroll's whipped-cream beauty—though Baby Carolyn Lee steals the show. This is no travelogue, more of a Cupid's catalogue.

Norvell Helps You in Your Quest for Romance

Continued from page 21

began to express itself in melody before she could talk. It was inevitable that Deanna Durbin should become a singing star, for her sensitive nature is finely tuned to the harmony of the cosmos, and every fibre of her being responds to the muted symphonies of the heavenly spheres. Her singing voice will continue to be one of Deanna's most valuable assets in the future. Her chart shows it will grow in scope and become operatic in timbre. She will play not only in motion pictures, but radio and television will also claim her talents in the coming years. She will be as successful in television as she has already proved in films and radio. Then, when her voice blossoms apace with maturity, I predict the Metropolitan for Deanna, and great success in opera.

As for love and marriage, her chart shows clearly the youthful flowering of romance, but real serious love will not materialize until a later date. If Deanna followed the dictates of her own nature, her chart shows, she would want to marry before she is twenty, but I am certain that parental and studio pressure would be brought to bear to keep her from marrying so early. It is safe, however, to predict that Deanna Durbin will be happily married by the time she has reached the age of twenty-one. Two children are shown in her chart, and they will both inherit her musical talent.

Generally speaking, when Sagittarius persons follow their own instincts in love and marriage they are quite happy, as witness the long-lasting marriages of Frances Dee, Edward G. Robinson, and Grace Moore—all Sagittarius-born. Frances Dee was born on November 26, and I have read her chart on numerous occasions. It clearly showed her marriage to Joel McCrea would be successful, for she has the intelligence to make the adjustments that are usually required in any marriage. I predict that Frances Dee will go on to even greater heights in her screen career, and that her marriage will be a lasting success.

As for Edward G. Robinson, who was born on December 12, he possesses the qualities of stability and sincerity so often found in Sagittarius persons. His marriage has been a pronounced success for around fifteen years, and will continue so. Edward G. Robinson will remain on the screen for several more years before retiring. His chart shows further success in radio, and in the more distant future, television.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born on December 9th, and his chart shows he inherited disturbances at the time of his birth, especially in the houses ruling romance and marriage, and his first marriage to Joan Crawford was doomed from the beginning. I recall the night, a number of years ago at Pickfair, when Joan and young Doug had just been married. They were both young and eager with the thrill of new love, and they implored me to predict that their marriage would be successful. I looked up their charts and felt guilty at having to shatter their newfound happiness, but I predicted their marriage would inevitably end in divorce. The passing years fulfilled that prediction, and Doug, Jr., has married again. Recently when I visited him at Universal Studios on the set of "Green Hell," the first question he asked was, "What will the outcome of my marriage be? If you say you see a divorce in the future, I won't believe the stars, for I've never been happier in my life." I assured Doug that this marriage, according to all indications, can last indefinitely and bring him great happiness. He will also attain greater success in his screen career, for maturity has brought a richness of personality that is most attractive.

The trend for Sagittarius persons in the coming months is successful. It is interesting to note the youngsters who are just making a bid for motion picture fame, who were born in Sagittarius. Their charts show that they stand a good chance of becoming our stars of tomorrow. They are: Betty Grable, who has already scored in several pictures; Ruth Hussey, who is real star material, and will bear watching; Robert Kent, who played the likeable drunk in "East Side of Heaven," and Joan Woodbury, who has not yet had her really big chance.

As for YOUR future, if your birth Sign happens to be Sagittarius, you may begin to look for radical changes for the better in finances and business. You are aggressive and hate to be in a rut. During the coming months you will have your wishes fulfilled, but you must be alert and take advantage of every opportunity.

Remember that many Sagittarius-born make mistakes in love and marriage, and many times divorce is inevitable, but if you choose your sweetheart or marriage partner according to astrology you may avert heartache and divorce in the future. The compatible Signs for Sagittarius are: Aries—March 21 to April 20. Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Spencer Tracy are Aries types. Leo—July 23 to August 22. Robert Taylor and Myrna Loy are Leo. Another compatible Sign is Virgo—August 23 to September 22. Fred MacMurray and Greta Garbo are typical of this Sign.



Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.

Chapping • Dryness
Roughness • Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
Powder base • Body-rub
After-shaving lotion

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IMPROVES THE LOOKS OF YOUR HANDS!

WANT lovely hands? Then use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—daily. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening to chapped, work-abused hands. Coaxes back the lovable softness that cold weather, housework, hard water, harsh cleansers take away. No wonder it's the favorite of women who pride themselves on their soft "Honeymoon Hands." Contains Vitamins A and D. At toilet goods counters. $1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ . . . **NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.**



BATHASWEET

Your body can have the allure of LONGER-LASTING DAINTINESS. Just add Bathasweet to your bath. It makes water SUPER-CLEANSING, soft as rain. Try it and see if you don't stay dainty longer. Notice, too, that the Bathasweet bath leaves no ring on the tub —proof of its aid to loveliness. And use fragrant Bathasweet *Soap* to make the bath a complete delight. If you want the utmost in daintiness, join the millions of Bathasweet users. Buy Bathasweet, and Bathasweet Soap (either in Garden Bouquet or Forest Pine fragrance) at your drug or department store...or get a 10¢ size at your five-and-ten. Or, *to prove all we claim,* use the coupon.

SEND FOR TRIAL BATH KIT
(Contains 4 Products)

BATHASWEET CORPORATION, Dept. SL1
1911 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me the BATHASWEET BATH KIT containing two packets of BATHASWEET and two trial cakes of BATHASWEET SOAP. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and handling.

*Name*_____

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(Please print)

Make Sure You Read "SURPRISING THINGS ABOUT FRED MACMURRAY" in the December issue of

SILVER SCREEN

10c NOW ON SALE 10c



YOUR FORTUNE FOR THIS MONTH

If you were born under one of the other Signs of the Zodiac, check the section below and see what the stars show for you under your birthdate as there are certain aspects of the planets that will bring many unusual and changing conditions for everyone.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

The activity of Mars has subsided somewhat, and you will feel more freedom in financial and business affairs. Venus brings you another romance in the coming weeks, that is if you are seeking a change in the romantic situation. This month favors investments in real estate and stocks. Also good for changing residence, travel, or visiting friends and relatives. Promotion may come through the influence of a friend in business, and conditions should be good for investing in a business of your own. The stars warn against excesses in eating and drinking, and to watch the health on the 4th, 9th, and 21st.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

This is a good month, romantically speaking, and there may be two members of the opposite sex who claim your affections at this time. Choose carefully, and do not commit yourself too soon, for amazing things await you in the next two or three weeks. The financial problems may not yet be fully solved, but you are working toward independence and security. More money will come through normal channels than did last month. This month favors writing, music, acting, and all artistic and creative efforts. Good for dealing with the public, selling, clerical and secretarial work. The best days are the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 9th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 22nd, 25th and 29th.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

The heart interest should prove somewhat better this month, for you have been forced to make a decision in love lately, owing to the activity of Venus and Mercury. You may make up your mind to become engaged at this time, and there is every likelihood that any marriage entered into at this time stands a very good chance of being successful. This month favors teaching, writing, publishing, newspaper reporting, and sales or promotion work. Seek business changes, and watch your money, for you may be tempted to extravagance.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

There may be a problem connected with romance or the home this month, for the Moon, your ruling planet, comes under some adverse aspects. If married, and unhappy, you may choose this month to make a decision about a separation if you cannot overcome the problem in any other way. The stars show that this month is excellent for such a change. Those who are single, but romantically inclined will have ample opportunity to find romance at this time. Social activities are good. Doctors, lawyers, or other professional persons may enter your life. The health of a relative may cause concern. Travel by land, avoid overdoing, and watch the health; the month will end on an active, optimistic note. Finances will be much better.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

An excellent month for all personal and business affairs. The settlement of a legacy or the payment of a debt may take place in the near future. The social side of your life will suddenly take up much of your time. Finances are steadier, and a change of position may be considered. Be cautious in romance, and avoid jealousy or quarreling. Do not sign papers, or become involved with the affairs of others, for Mars brings some danger of a secret enemy. Put off trips at present, for more important matters may engage your attention at home. Creative work is favored and music, painting, designing, and acting may bring rich rewards. Real estate deals also favored.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

More peaceful vibrations prevail this month. Good for romantic changes, marriage, and the home. There may be one or more surprises in connection with working conditions, or finances. They are of a pleasant nature, however, and show profit coming from expected sources. Curb investments, and avoid signing contracts, settling estates, or disposing of real estate, if possible, for at least this month. Pursue any artistic ambitions you may have, especially in a musical or acting capacity, for you could easily succeed in this field. You are of a very romantic nature and easily hurt. Be prepared for a little disappointment in regard to the one you love. Watch the health on the 8th, 14th, and 28th. Relatives may impose on you this month, so avoid entanglements.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

You can begin to make big plans for your future, for this month sees your plans maturing. Jupiter and Saturn help you to come into your own financially. Be courageous and aggressive this month, for the influence of some important man may bring you out of obscurity. Settle any debts you owe, and collect money owed you. Do not make a decision regarding love or marriage yet, for something will happen to bring another romance into your life. Libra persons often marry more than once, so be careful not to select the wrong person in love. This month favors selling property, disposing of obligations, making changes in business, or residence; even moving to another city or state.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

Your ambitions may be somewhat curtailed this month, for you have more ideas than you can live up to. Do not be impatient for this month begins a more prosperous cycle for you in business matters. Good month for dealing with large organizations, institutions, hospitals, schools, sales work, beauty parlors or secretarial work. You might become interested in going into a business of your own, and would be successful if you have the backing. Romance does not appear settled, so avoid being hasty, or entering into a marriage unless you are positive you are in love. Those already married may have some problems arise that threaten the continuance of the marriage state. The month ends on a pleasant note, and assures you of better things to come.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

To what we have already said about Sagittarius we may add that profit will come through some business change that is being planned at the present time. This may bring you into contact with the public, and give you work that is of an executive nature. You should not neglect the artistic and musical side of your nature, even if this development is only a hobby. You could succeed in work in radio, the theatre, or motion pictures, also in any work where it is necessary to contact the public, such as beauty parlors, department stores, etc. Romance thrives this month, and the home is peaceful.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

Think twice before acting this month, especially in regard to business affairs, for there may be an obstacle in your life

at the present time that causes you to make mistakes. This applies alike to business and romance. You come under the sensitive rays of the Moon at this time, and may be inclined to feel hurt over something that happens in romance or marriage. Overcome this and there is no reason why you should break off any existing romance or union. Finances and business conditions should be somewhat better, but the really big thing has not yet happened in your life. You should be making plans for financial freedom in the coming months, for there are surprises in store for you. The best days of the month are: 2nd, 6th, 8th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 20th, 22nd, and 27th.

January 20 to February 18—Aquarius

Any obstacles that arise in your life are only of a temporary nature. Your progress in finances may be slow, but you are coming out of the depressing pall that your stars have been under for the past few years. This month favors you in business, especially in any work connected with publishing, newspapers, stenography, stocks and bonds, insurance, and financial institutions. If you are alert, you can rise to great heights by the contacts you may make. Romantically you may be doubtful if you have met the right person, and want to make some change. This is advisable according to your ruling star, and new romance should flourish this month. Those who have marriage problems should try to settle them amicably rather than take sudden and radical action.

February 19 to March 20—Pisces

This month brings you new and interesting experiences in business. You come out of the clouds for a while, and can depend on a fairly good condition in regard to finances. If you recently made a change in business that is in keeping with your stars, you should remain where you are for at least another six months. The home prospers this month, and marriages of long standing are also favored. Those not married may be making extensive plans in romance, and if that romance is older than six months it may last; if not, then there is promise of a new love affair in the next two or three weeks. The health comes under good aspects. Travel, visit, and attend to social activities this month.



No wonder Jane Withers' mother gets the "jitters" when daughter announces she's invited the gang over—they're all jitterbugs. Lillian Porter, John Kellogg, Jane (center), Marvin Stephens, Lynne Roberts are in "High School," which stars Jane.

YOUR ASTROLOGY CHART SENT FREE

No matter when you were born, there is a birth path for you that may reveal vital facts about your life. Do not depend on chance when your future destiny is so vitally important! Your chart discusses such subjects as finances, love and health. It is impossible to give a complete and thorough astrology reading for each Sign of the Zodiac and, as there is a different reading for each Sign, you must consult the particular horoscope for your Sign.





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Every reader of this magazine may compete in this contest and every contestant has an equal chance to enjoy the thrill and glory of winning one of the many cash prizes. It's fun and entertaining to participate in this puzzle game, too—for you and every member of the family.

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A Friendship that's Real!

Continued from page 23

a rodeo at a nearby town, to furnish thrills for the holiday crowds, that we discovered each other. No one took the trouble to introduce us but sitting side by side in the big car, Virginia and I clicked instantly. It began when we laughed at each other. We both looked very funny togged out in clothes from the studio wardrobe department. Virginia, who was then deathly afraid of horses, was in a dowdy riding habit that didn't fit, and her long hair was pulled straight back into a tight knot, and *yet*—her beauty shone through all these obstacles. Any other girl would have looked a fright and I recall how this impressed me. It was during that awful, hot, dusty day that our friendship was cemented. I can still see Virginia, trying to smile as she handed out medals to the cowboys and keeping as far from the prancing horses as she could!

"We needed each other's encouragement as we floundered around in the stock company during the following months. Every day we'd try to think of some way to speed up our careers—we were so ambitious, yet getting nowhere. Then, one exciting day, Virginia confided she was going to marry the great screen star, John Gilbert! Nothing before or since ever gave me such a thrill and to me, it is still the greatest Hollywood romance of all. They were married in August, 1932, and in her own happiness Virginia wanted me to find a great love, too, and she and John took me about with them everywhere. I recall two especially festive blind dates they planned at the Cocoanut Grove for me to meet out of town friends of John's. It was all very nice, but I was already falling in love with *my* John, and so, nothing happened!"

The next excitement was the birth of the Gilbert baby, Susan Ann. Then came the divorce of John and Virginia, followed shortly by his death—and close at hand, sharing in these emotional climaxes, was Maureen. In the meantime, Maureen's own romance with the brilliant writer-director, John Farrow, was hitting a rocky road, with the wedding delayed again and again, because of a divorce in his past. Finally, everything was straightened out and the marriage followed, and during it all Virginia was at her friend's side.

"With my own happiness established," Maureen continued, "my chief desire was to see Virginia happy. A personality such as hers can't be kept down. Slowly she became conscious of the world about her, tossed aside crushed illusions, and came back to the screen, lovelier and more poised than before. John and I insisted that she go about with us and we included her in all our fun. One night, I was queening around as a bride when I noticed Virginia looking very forlorn, and suddenly I decided to become a matchmaker. Looking over the eligible young men I selected handsome Brian Aherne as the one I'd choose for her. Anyway, he looked a bit lonely, so I maneuvered a dance with him and began talking about Virginia, dropping a hint that she admired him. Then, I hunted up Virginia and told her Brian liked her very much, but she only laughed and wouldn't believe me. In fact, she bet $25 he wouldn't even ask her to dance that night. But he *did!* Come to think of it, she never paid me that $25. Remind me to dun her—with interest, will you? Well, I thought I was pretty smart but somehow, the 'romance' didn't flourish and before I could decide on another Prince Charming, she was doing her own dating. During the period before she married J. Walter Ruben, Virginia was the most popular girl in town, and significant of her sweetness, she's kept every one of her admirers as devoted friends.

"Something funny is always happening," Maureen went on. "The day we moved into this new home, two huge packages arrived all done up in pink cellophane and ribbons. In one was a cunning six-weeks-old calf, in the other a new-fangled milking stool, carrying Virginia's card. She used to go with us on our sail boat, even though she's too tender-hearted to fish. One day, after hours of bad luck, we suddenly ran into a shoal of fish and soon everyone in the party had all they wanted. We put them in a tin container at the rear of the boat, then spent the afternoon lounging on the deck. Toward sundown, someone peeked into the container and let out a shriek; it was empty. When we cornered Virginia, she confessed she thought it was cruel to keep the pretty little fish in a can all that beautiful afternoon, so she dumped them back into the ocean!

"About the time she and Jack Ruben



When war in Europe halted production on "Busman's Honeymoon," at Denham Studio, England, Maureen O'Sullivan, who was to play the lead opposite Robert Montgomery, returned to Hollywood. Above, she is met by husband John Farrow and son Michael Damien.

Acme

began going together, a crowd of us went on a Sunday riding party. I was the only one in the bunch that knew of Virginia's terrific fear of horses and when somebody shouted she was missing, I gallantly came to the rescue, saying she was a fast rider and probably had gone on ahead. When we reached the stables, there was Virginia dismounting from a horse—she had borrowed it from a stable boy when she saw us coming. Now, Jack is devoted to horses and he was disturbed to see that Virginia's mount showed signs of very hard riding, so he took her aside and gave her a kindly lecture, then ordered the horse to be walked until he was cool. It was months after they were married before Jack learned the truth, and how we all teased him about it!

"I suppose I should find some fault," said Maureen, "just one little slam, but honestly, I can't think of anything to criticize. Virginia is a blend of the sophisticate and a very little girl, she's femininity at the *n*th degree, yet she never stresses the one word that belongs to her—*glamor!*"

Maureen's new baby is another exciting bond between the two friends. It was Virginia who presented the dainty, handmade christening robe and everything that goes with it. Too, she was at the hospital to see little Michael Damien initiated into the world for when only a day and a half old, he posed with his mother for his first picture.

"He was an exceptionally beautiful baby from the very first, and such a good trouper, it was amazing how like a veteran he acted," Virginia told me. Adding, with a giggle as contagious as Maureen's, "I'm positive I heard him whisper to the cameraman—'Catch my best side, pal. Perhaps I'll have a famous profile!'

"On the last day of her last picture before the baby came, 'Tarzan Finds a Son,' the cast presented Maureen with an adorable white lacquered chest to which every member of the company had contributed some cunning gift. It's a veritable treasure box, with things little Michael will cherish all his life. Never was a baby more wanted—even his name has special interest. Michael is for Maureen's uncle, and Damien for Father Damien, who sacrificed himself for the leper colony of Molakai. Johnny Farrow has written a book on this famous man which he will direct for the screen.

"Maureen should have children for she has so much gaiety and real character with which to bless them. This baby is the first Farrow to be born out of England in eleven generations of his family, and every opportunity awaits this new heir. Maureen insists he is an individual and is to be taught to guide his own life, be responsible to himself. She has some grand ideas for him.

"She's meant so much to me," said Virginia seriously. "I always wanted friends, but being reserved and shy I never invited confidences, and Maureen's friendship is like the answer to prayer. Several years ago I cut out a magazine picture of her leaning against a mirror amid a profusion of roses, and had it framed for my dressing room. I never leave without giving her a little salute, and I always feel she is wishing me good luck.

"Temperamentally, we're very different," continued Virginia, "yet amazingly alike in fundamental qualities, for we have the same ideals, the same hopes and dreams. There's never a semblance of an argument for we both truly believe that friendship is built on faith and trust, and that nothing petty can enter in. We have a secret hunch," she added, laughing, "that somewhere in the distant past we had the same ancestors. Maybe, centuries ago, they planned we should meet. Who knows?"

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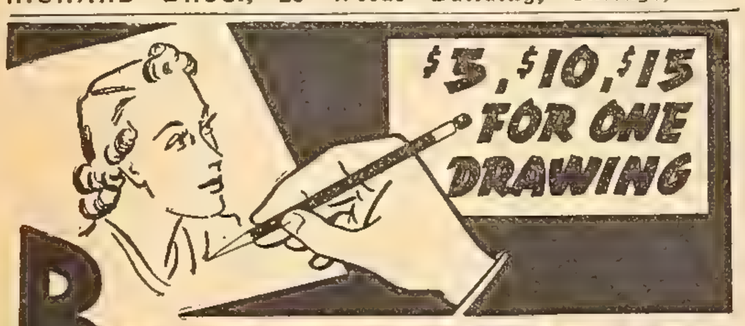
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Tough Guy? No—A Softie!

Continued from page 22

acquainted with lurid characters, when he insisted that "the big shots, the tough boys of the underworld, are the finest people in the world. They never go back on a pal." When he freely admitted he had been a taxi dancer paid to dance with unescorted women in restaurants; when he told reporters, "I don't care what you write about me as long as you spell my last name right. It's Raft." At that time, he was frankly what he was: a graduate of Hell's Kitchen who was putting up a tremendous battle to become a Somebody.

But today, when he looks hurt if anyone mentions his background, when he'd rather not discuss this subject or that, and he's repeatedly killed interviews in which he was afraid he didn't appear a Lord Chesterfield, you might be in danger of misunderstanding Georgie. Yet no one is more loyal to old friends than he. You rarely see him without Mack (Killer) Grey, who knew him when, and who acts as a combination bodyguard-valet-companion. That is one of the criticisms we direct against George—that he must have a buffer between himself and the public. The main reason George keeps Mack is because of their long friendship. A professional valet would be much cheaper and more useful. Frequently the two men argue, and George fires Mack, but he always takes him back. Grinning sheepishly, he says, "I suppose you think I'm a mean guy for firing you." When Mack was in the hospital it was George who visited him daily; when Mack was too sleepy to unpack Raft's trunk, George did it himself.

Did you know that whenever George visits Detroit his first stop is to see several of the boys he knew when, who are not exactly the type listed in the Blue Book, and that when they are in trouble, he never lets them down? You didn't know that, did you—because George Raft, being the peculiar combination he is, refuses to publicize this and would rather take a licking at the hands of the press and public than divulge his personal life. Nor do you know that whenever he comes to New York he stops at his old fight headquarters, where he is worshipped. He comes with full pockets and leaves with empty ones. And George Raft is big enough to forget and forgive. Witness what happened between him and Artie Kaufmann, when George paid New York a visit last winter.

Years ago, when George was starting his professional prize fighting career, he fought at the old Brown's Gym on Sixth Avenue, for $5 a bout. Now even in those days he was fussy about his appearance, and worried constantly about having his face messed up. Artie Kaufmann was one of the young fighters who took advantage of this trait. In fighting, he deliberately tried to upset George by mussing his hair or giving him a shiner, so that he, Artie, would win. Quite often it worked. While George was kidding around with his old friends, one down-and-out prize fighter whom he did not recognize, came up. Though it was a bitterly cold day, this man had no overcoat. Patiently George listened to Artie recall their old bouts at Brown's. The picture of himself as a youngster, harassed by the taunting Artie



Gloria Jean, holding sister's hand and surrounded by her family in theatre lobby, brought a Hollywood premiere to Scranton, her home town. It was a big day for that Pennsylvania town when "The Underpup," starring Gloria, was previewed there.

Kaufmann, came back clearly to George.

"How are you doing?" was all he asked.

"I haven't a quarter to my name."

Linking his arm through Artie's, George said, "Let's take a walk."

"What do you think he did?" Frank Williams, a childhood friend of both, asked me. "He walked Artie to a clothing store and bought him an overcoat for $65. Then as he grasped Artie's hand to say goodbye, he slipped $25 into his palm. He's always doing that; when he gives the boys money there's never any show about it. No one realizes what he is doing for he waits for an inconspicuous moment to slip you a bill. He's gone before you can thank him. It burns me up when people say he's always been selfish and thinks of no one but himself. Say, as a kid he was the most unselfish boy in the gang. He even risked his life to help me."

On a hot summer day most of the kids in the neighborhood went swimming off the dock. George and a few of his pals stood watching them. "I must have gone out too far," Frank explained. "The current began pulling me downstream and fighting against it proved useless. When I screamed my other friends, numb with fright, did nothing. But George dove in and by superhuman effort dragged me ashore. Immediately after he disappeared and when I went to thank him for saving my life, he just looked annoyed and spoke gruffly to me."

"Then there was the time," Harry Faber, another childhood friend, told me, "when he took terrific chances to supply us with Christmas trees. When you live in Hell's Kitchen you're not overburdened with money, and when Christmas rolled around, our folks never had cash for trees. We kids would stand with our noses pressed against shop windows where tall evergreens were on display, wistfully wishing we could afford one."

George noticed that when the truck drivers filled up their trucks at the market they were in such a hurry that they sometimes took imperfect trees. Afterwards, when they discovered this, they dumped them off. Since he could run very quickly, George elected himself to follow the trucks and pick up the leftovers. This was very hazardous, as he was continually in danger of being run over. "Nor was he satisfied when he got a tree for his own family," Harry Faber said. "Many an afternoon he spent dodging traffic, enduring the curses of drivers and chasing the trucks till he secured trees for all his friends."

Superficially, George has changed tremendously. Inside he remains the same true pal, the generous boy he was when he started on the crazy road to success. According to Charles Brown, under whom George worked at Rector's Restaurant in the days when he got $2 an afternoon for dancing, Raft always put himself out to help others. When the mother of one of the bus boys died, it was George who took up a collection so the lad could defray the funeral expenses; though he needed the money badly, Raft gave more than any other employee.

On the surface, George Raft may seem a tough guy to deal with; at heart he is a softie. Many people refuse to believe this and consequently his conduct has sometimes received unfavorable interpretation. When a murderess was electrocuted, leaving her twelve-year-old son burdened with horrible memories, softie George Raft heard of the boy's plight, immediately offered to bring the lad to Hollywood, buy him a new outfit and have him as his guest over Christmas. This offer wasn't meant to reach the press; yet, as things sometimes happen, the story leaked out. Instead of praising George, some know-it-alls sneered, "Just another publicity stunt for Raft." And George, who had admitted to dear friends the picture of that sensitive, bewildered lad haunted him so he couldn't sleep, was stunned. He did not press the matter.

What Hollywood fails to realize is that George is crazy about children. When he comes to New York he gathers all the urchins of his old neighborhood, takes them shopping for clothes, sends each home with bags of groceries, and a few dollars. He missed all these things in his childhood, and he wants to make it easier for them. He's flown in specially from Hollywood to appear at an orphans' benefit, and when Jack Marron, who runs a club for the poor children at George's old church, St. Michael's, wrote asking if he could appear at a benefit, George wired from Hollywood, "Say no more. I'm on my way."

Perhaps you were startled when you read in the paper that George Raft, Jr., had married and brought his bride to Hollywood to meet his father, the film star. You may be among the many who never knew George had a son. When first he came to Hollywood, George denied he was married or a father. Subsequently when his son, then twelve, visited him he said the boy was his nephew, till a reporter divulged their true relationship.

"I would have loved to acknowledge my son, and my marriage," he said at the time, "but studio officials forbade it. They warned me I was being built up as a romantic figure and insisted that if I admitted I was married or had a child, it would ruin my career."

Other stars have done the same thing. With them we have accepted it as good business; we have not censured them for neglecting to mention offspring.

Another reason people have derided George is because they feel he is very vain. A great deal of publicity was given a few years ago to his fight with a Hollywood man about town, who, upon seeing Killer Grey and George in a restaurant, said loudly, "There go two boys who just had to become beautiful." Of course, the reference was to the fact that Grey had just had his nose remodeled, and George, his ear decauliflowered. Yet even here there is a great deal to be said for George. Did you know that Raft first failed to make the grade in pictures because of his cauliflower ear, a remnant of his fighting days? And that laboriously he saved up money to have the operation performed, so he might earn a decent livelihood in films? Many of the stars have resorted to operations to make themselves more beautiful. Do we think any the less of them?

When he was a boy, young Raft used to dream that some day he would take his mother, the only one who understood him, away from the squalor of the slums. That part of his childhood dream did come true. As soon as he made money he installed her in a beautiful apartment, with a housekeeper, a relative (he always gives relatives a break), and a chauffeur (another relative) at her command, and the old lady never expressed a wish that her son did not immediately fulfill. Till her death, two years ago, he wired her weekly red roses and white lilies, her favorites. Repeatedly he flew East to see her. Just before her fatal illness he had built a beautiful home for her in Hollywood, so she could be near him for the remainder of her life.

George Raft is a paradox, a very complex personality. Most of us hate to solve paradoxes; we prefer simple people whom we can understand without trouble, whose every action we can foretell. Usually when stars try to improve themselves, as witness John Garfield and Joan Crawford, they receive everyone's sympathy and respect. Why not give Raft the same break?

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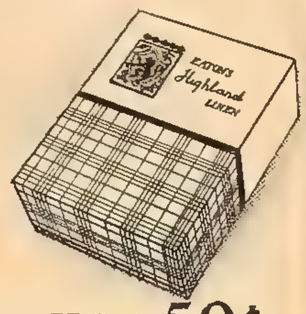
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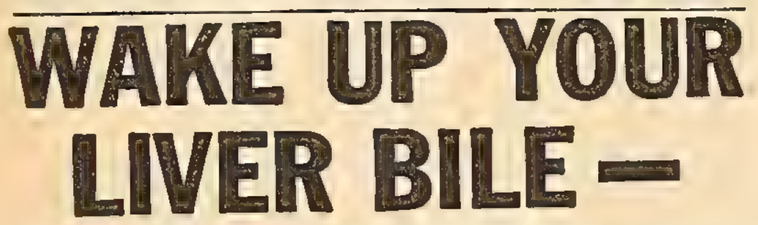


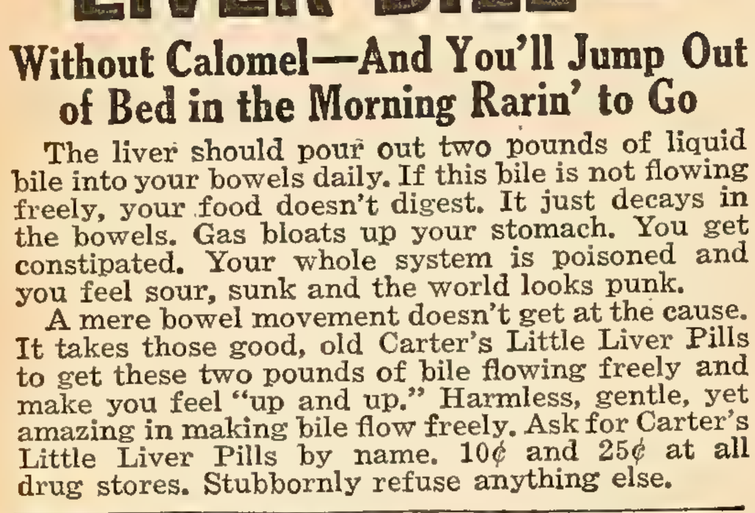
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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

Virginia drifted back to the living room and sat in a deep chair by the fire. "I've been in America for the past four Christmases, she said, thoughtfully, "and naturally I haven't celebrated the day quite as we did back home. In England, at my home, this is about the way the holidays would go. On the afternoon before Christmas, we always had a party for the neighborhood children. There would be gifts for each child, and sometimes we put them on the tree, but other times we filled a barrel with straw and let the youngsters dig for their presents—not a grab bag, you understand, because each child has his own name on his gift and it is bought especially for him, but it's much merrier. After the children's party, the dogs had their gifts. Yes, really! There are usually eight or ten dogs around the place, and sometimes we'd hide the bones or balls or whatever it is and let them search for them. Otherwise, their presents would be on the tree, tied with red ribbon.

"Christmas Eve we'd all go to church. Afterwards the carolers must come in for hot drinks. In fact, we'd hardly go to bed at all that night, because everyone must be up for early breakfast, when we open our presents. Christmas Day comes the buffet luncheon, like the one we're having today. After it, at home, I always used to go on a hunt. At night we'd have a big Christmas dinner with games afterward.

"Oh yes, for Christmas breakfast I can tell you of a most decorative dish to serve! We used to call them Christmas Tomatoes, but they are actually eggs in tomatoes. Nannie will tell you how to prepare them."

EGGS BAKED IN TOMATOES

Cut out the stem mark of large, ripe tomatoes and carefully scoop out most of the pulp—enough to allow an egg to be poured in. Sprinkle inside the tomato with salt and pepper, adding celery or onion salt if desired. Then break an egg into the tomato and put over it the chopped pulp. Place tomatoes in a pan and put this in another pan partially filled with water. On top of each tomato place a piece of brown paper heavily spread with butter. Turn oven heat regulator to 375 F. (moderate oven) and bake for 30 minutes. To serve with bacon, remove the paper from the top of the tomatoes for the last 10 or 15 minutes of baking and put small bacon strips over the top.

Christmas pudding is a tradition in the Field family. "Naturally we wouldn't serve it until night," confided Virginia, "but Christmas wouldn't be a holiday without it. We always put the silver bits in it, and you should hear the shrieks when someone finds the thimble, or the button, which mean that the finders will become old maid and old bachelor, respectively. Some lucky one picks out the three-penny bit, which means he will be wealthy, and another the tiny horse shoe for luck, and then there is the silver bell or the ring for the next to be married. More fun!"

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

½ lb. brown sugar
½ lb. beef suet
2 oz. flour
½ lb. raisins
¼ lb. candied peel (mixed)
½ tsp. grated nutmeg
½ oz. mixed spice (Burnett's)
½ oz. ground cinnamon
Gill of milk
Wineglass of rum or brandy
½ lb. bread crumbs
½ lb. sultanas
¼ lb. currants
1 lemon
2 oz. shredded almonds or desicated cocoanut (Baker's)
Pinch of salt
4 eggs

Chop suet finely, prepare the fruit and shred the peel, peel and chop the lemon rind. Mix all together. Add milk and stir in eggs one at a time. Add rum and lemon juice. When everything is well blended tie in a muslin cloth and boil for 4 hours or steam for 5.

The dogs created a diversion by running off with a wreath that was about to be hung, and their mistress pursued them. Returning, flushed and lovely, she found me examining a framed proclamation hung on the wall above my head, declaring that "Edward the Eighth by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Empire doth hereby bestow on Henry St. John Field, Esquire—" a long and impressive document meaning that Virginia's father had received one of the eight appointments made by Edward in his brief reign—counselor at law. "And there is my father's picture in his white wig and black gown," she pointed out, "and here he is offstage, as we might call it." He is a handsome man, and his daughter is not disguising her pride in him.

"If you don't wish to serve Christmas pudding for a holiday dinner, you can have a delectable dessert called black cherry cream pie. Of course in cherry season you can use fresh black cherries, but at holiday time get the canned variety. Nannie knows how to do it."

Miss Best advised straining the juice from the canned cherries and adding a little sugar, if desired. "Then to juice, add 1½ tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in ¼ cup cold water. Boil until thick. Break cherries in halves, remove stones and pour the hot syrup over them. Stir and cool, then chill in refrigerator. Whip ½ pint cream and do not put pie together until the moment of serving, then fill your pastry shell with the whipped cream and over that spread the ice cold cherries in their syrup."

"Oh, wait a minute!" cried Virginia, looking up from a difficult decision between a holly wreath and a silver bell for the garden window, "I must tell you what we did with our tree last year! We took Rinso soap powder—you could use any good soap powder, I think—and made suds of it, beating them up with an egg beater. Then we frothed them all over the tree and dusted it with those silver drippy things, and *was* it beautiful?"

"Before the pie, we serve hot soup, turtle soup, it's delicious! And then we have the Russian salad, a most mouth-watering salad. It's Watercress and Grape. For Christmas we serve the finest hot house fruit, grapes, pears and peaches, because that's a real treat at Christmas-time. And nuts, of course. All kinds of nuts."

CLEAR TURTLE SOUP

½ lb. sun-dried turtle
1 small tin turtle fat
½ lb. lean beef (neck)
½ lb. lean veal
Whites and shells of 2 eggs
5 qts. good stock
2 onions
2 carrots
1 turnip
1 strip celery
Parsley, thyme, bayleaf, basil and marjoram
12 peppercorns, 2 cloves and 1 blade of mace tied in muslin
2 glasses of sherry
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Soak the turtle for three days, changing the water frequently. Put stock turtle and a dessertspoon of salt into a pan and bring to a boil; then add prepared vegetables, herbs and the peppercorns. Cook gently for 8 or 9 hours. Strain and put the turtle aside. Mince the veal and beef and add them together with the eggs and beat until it boils. Simmer for half an hour. Strain and return to the pan with the turtle, adding sherry and lemon juice.

WATERCRESS AND GRAPE SALAD

1 bundle watercress
1 orange
1 cup of grapes
2 oz. shelled pecan nuts

Cut the grapes in halves and remove seeds. Peel orange and divide in halves, then cut in slices. Wash watercress, removing long stems.

Now place the salad together as follows: Divide the watercress on four plates (or it can be divided on six). Over each plate of watercress place a few thin slices of orange; then scatter over each plate a quarter of the grapes, and over all sprinkle a few pecan nuts; then pour over each salad 1½ tablespoons of French dressing.



This bit of loveliness is the same Ruth Terry you saw getting a bit rough in her film scenes on page 67.

"Radiant" is the Word this Winter

Continued from page 64

so tired, so sad, that it depresses another even to listen?

There isn't a screen star that doesn't stress the importance of vitality. Stars purposely sleep for it, eat for it, live for it, in fact, knowing that it is a very important part of their stock in trade. In the rating of qualities that you must have to succeed in pictures, this vitality gets a very high mark. Needless to say, this goes equally strong for your social, business, or love life, readers!

To begin with, any girl who has many dates will do well to follow the plan of at least one night a week absolutely to herself. This means *sans* family, girl friends, or any form of diversion. A night when she forces herself to bed very early, perhaps first having done some of those little personal chores, like a lovely home manicure, brushing her hair thoroughly and using one of those cleansing lotions to keep hair and scalp fresh between shampoos. This cleansing lotion is a great help when you have a cold, a real illness or when you simply haven't got around to that shampoo. You might also want to give a little extra time to using one of those nice, light lubricating creams over your face and neck, using upward motions over your face, a light patting under the eyes, from inner corner to outer. When you have done these, or similar chores, and got yourself leisurely ready for bed—and doing this leisurely is a real luxury, as every busy girl knows—you might finish off with a glass of grapefruit juice. This juice seems to have a soothing, sedative-like quality, if you are a little wrong on the inside from too much night life, and it is also very, very good for your skin. Now into bed and off to sleep with this happy thought, "How pretty I'll look tomorrow!" You truly will.

Getting up is the zero hour for many. Too many of us zigzag out of bed at the last minute, jump hurriedly into our clothes, eat practically no breakfast and away we go. Little wonder that many morning nerves are far more jangled than those after luncheon, and many do not even seem to come to until afternoon. If you could, by dint of courage and great self-control, manage to get up half an hour earlier than absolutely necessary, after the first three or four efforts, you'd be so pleased with yourself that you'd wonder why you never tried it before. Only these extra minutes can give you time for a smooth, perfect make-up, orderly, groomed hair, and clarity of mind to decide what you'll wear with what. Summed up, this half-hour-earlier rising means you start to work, school, or shopping with that wonderful knowledge of being turned out as well as it is possible for you to be. This knowledge gives poise, and is a priceless ingredient in meeting the situations of the day and triumphing over them, instead of letting them triumph over you.

Three radiant newer faces from Hollywood adorn these pages. Each has its special kind of radiance, but you can't deny that each seems to have an extra-special something. In Brenda Marshall's direct eyes, you sense a subtle but sure glow. Here is an extremely style-conscious young lady, who offers some good ideas. She likes harem hems for daytime. Fine, say we, if you have a number of frocks. Her favorite daytime colors are black accented with red; moss green and brown and almond green alone. For evening she likes black with gold or silver jewelry. You can see she is a perfect type for a brilliant red lipstick. "Generally speaking," adds Miss Brenda, "girls with tailored coiffures are the best subjects for 'mad' hats. That's why I cling to my page boy. 'Mad' hats are my hobby."

She is convinced that no food has the vitality-building quality of milk and so keeps her weight up—*up,* mind you—when working hard by drinking glasses of half milk, half cream, between meals and choosing only cream desserts at mealtime. Claudette Colbert is another who must build up, not down, and believes strongly in milk. Brenda Marshall uses cream—the cow kind—on her hands at night and weekly takes a body sponge bath in milk. She says she never adds make-up until she is into her frock, to be sure rouge and lipstick contrast or harmonize pleasingly. This is right for girls who aren't sure, and here I suggest one of those rubber-like make-up capes as a practical way of keeping powder from sifting onto a dark frock. With close neck-



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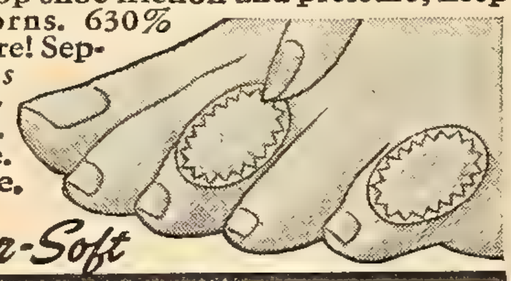
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lines, I also find it often necessary to do hair after donning frock. The cape keeps stray hairs from your frock, too. Brenda Marshall finds that sleeping without a pillow encourages fine, square shoulders and a better chin and neckline. She plays golf or takes golf exercises and sticks to a good general diet for personal "up-keep."

Of Paulette Goddard's vitality, little need be said if you've seen her in "The Women." Looking back five or six years ago when I first met her, here is a girl who has developed wonderfully in the way of spirit and personality, for she was always as pretty as she is now. That coiffure, by the way, seems to suit Miss Goddard, but is not advocated generally for many of us. The alertness, life and animation, however, are advocated for all, who can manage it.

Linda Darnell, the brunette beauty from Texas, also has beautiful teeth and a beatiful figure. It seems to me that only a girl in the pink of condition with a very happy outlook on life could smile like that. She swims, rides, and roller skates. She likes an Oriental type of perfume and dusts a little powder over her lashes before using mascara. She says this makes them look heavier. As yet, Linda Darnell has no serious beauty problems.

Truly a rare possession is this radiant sense of well-being. Some achieve it through the spirit of interest and response that flows from within them; some achieve it in appearance alone, usually a matter of good health, good disposition and good grooming; and some achieve it through an extreme chic, usually very good taste in unusual dressing. If you're young and normally attractive, you can enhance the aura of this attention-getting quality by more attention to bright, fresh make-up, to a keener awareness of people and things about you and by bright, attractive costume colors. Many girls go haywire on costume colors when they try to mix them, so here are some simple combinations that are good just now. Black with red, gold, or green. A red lipstick goes with all. Moss green with red or brown. For the first, a red lipstick; for the second, a tawny, copperish shade. Misty blues and wines, combined or separately, take a fuchsia make-up well. Cyclamen is still popular and goes well with black, white, or tones containing blue. With brown, beige, gold or taupe, try that copperish tone. It's smart and it's elegant. With very pastel shades, many fair skins will still look lovely in pastel make-up, especially for evening. In choosing costume colors, remember that skin tone should be your first consideration. Fair, clear skins can wear almost any color with proper make-up. Definite brunette and sallow skins need carefully chosen colors. In make-up, red is usually their best bet.

Brighten your life and costume with some nice, big chunky costume jewelry, preferably gold. Don't choose it too large, however, if you are a little girl. Redecorate yourself, generally. This means face, costume, posture and manner. Polish up your life, at least outwardly. Then I don't think you'll have to worry too much about the size of your eyes or the shape of your nose.

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Is It Fun Being A Star's Secretary

Continued from page 55

of her little idiosyncrasies amuse me: she always completely dresses herself before putting on her shoes and stockings, and she'll fiddle with adjusting a hat at exactly the right angle for a good half hour only to snatch it off at the last and go bareheaded. She is extremely modest, both personally and of her achievements, and one of the frankest girls I know. That frankness, however, is not the caustic, cutting kind. She does not believe in telling others things for their 'own good.' Never have I heard her deliberately hurt another. To me she is a unique combination of a sensitive artist and a canny business woman."

One other important quality in Ginger struck Jacques from her first day on the job and still impresses her most deeply. Perhaps it was because she was so green at the new work that this quality of Ginger's stands head and shoulders above others. It is her great and understanding patience with those who serve her and her ruthlessly demanding impatience with herself!

"Her tolerance with others seems unending, but nothing short of perfection in her own actions will satisfy her," Jacques explained, "and until she achieves as near perfection as is humanly possible, she drives herself like one possessed. Where she is kind to others she is relentless with herself. That mania for perfection is reflected in many ways, in her dancing and dramatic work on the screen and in her cultivation of lesser talents of painting, sculpting, writing, and various sports. It is reflected in her insatiable thirst for learning and enriching her mind, born, I imagine, from a determination to make up the formal education she missed as a girl coupled with a vast curiosity about life and people."

Ginger's impatience with herself makes all the more remarkable her patience and consideration with others, Jacques felt. And Jacques admitted to having tested that patience more than once. "I more than tested it," she said ruefully. "I must have tried it to the breaking point!"

There was that day during her first week on the job, she recalled, when she found a note from Ginger on her desk. *"Tell Eddie we'll shoot at 10,"* it read. *"Check Louise for up-do and tell Clark portrait. Need 6 dz. glossy 379's in 4x5."*

Translated into plain English it meant for Jacques to tell the publicity unit man that Ginger would be ready for a photograph sitting at 10 o'clock; the hairdresser was to be prepared to do the Rogers curls *up* for the shot; the wardrobe woman need provide a gown suitable for a head portrait only; and that six dozen pictures, four by five inches in size and finished in a glossy paper and of a certain pose, were needed in answering some fan mail.

Being a greenhorn in studio short-cuts to English, Jacques had no more idea what the message meant than if it had been written in Sanscrit. So she marched herself down to the set where Ginger was working. In a low voice she voiced her questions.

"Shh!" Ginger cautioned.

Jacques figured it must be some important secret matter and so she repeated her question in a whisper.

"Shh!" Ginger motioned again.

Jacques was baffled completely and not until an exasperated director yelled "Cut" did she realize she had committed the unpardonable sin of talking during the filming of a scene. But—Ginger did not embarrass her by laughing nor trying to minimize the

seriousness of the offense. Quietly she explained the studio rules and necessity for them. She did laugh about the note but the laugh was on herself.

"What a dopey thing for me to do!" she said. "I should have remembered a lot of things around here wouldn't make sense until I explained them to you. Let's have dinner together tonight and I'll try to clear them all up."

Ginger planned to go to Sun Valley for some skiing and a well-earned rest. The skiing would take care of itself but if she was to get any rest it was necessary that her plans be kept secret. Only Jacques, her secretary, was to know her destination and it was Jacques she asked to make her reservations on a certain train. Jacques did just that, telephoning the railroad for the tickets in Ginger's name. Ten minutes later the railroad's publicity office was on the phone, asking for details. That night every movie column in town carried the news of when and where Ginger was spending a vacation!

"What I should have done, of course, was to buy the tickets outright or make the reservation in my own name," Jacques said. "But Ginger was swell about it, saying she'd probably have more fun the way things turned out and the news probably would have leaked anyway. It wasn't true, naturally, and I felt dreadful, but Ginger never again referred to it."

That, too, is typical of Ginger. When a thing's done, it's done; let it stay decently buried, Jacques said. Even when she committed the brodie of brodies of giving out a new unlisted telephone number, Ginger was patient and understanding about Jacques' boner. An unknown telephone number may seem like a trivial matter to an outsider but to a movie star it's the magic little dingus that safeguards privacy from a thousand and one salesmen, moochers, peddlers, curiosity seekers, and harassing interruptions. As luck would have it, Jacques let the word slip on a Friday afternoon, although in fairness to her, she gave the number to someone she believed entitled to know it. (Later she learned she was to give it to no one, not even the Hays Office itself.) By Monday, which was the first opportunity the telephone company had of completing another change of confidential number, Ginger had learned again how incredibly fast the Hollywood grapevine spreads secret news.

Jacques got an unforgettable demonstration of another angle of Ginger's great patience recently. Ginger had been on the set at 6 A.M. for make-up and costume fittings. After working all morning in difficult emotional scenes, she had shared her lunch hour with an interviewer and then gone back to the sound stage until 6 o'clock. After that she had posed for some special art, sat in on a story conference and a wardrobe discussion. At 9 P.M. she still had had no dinner and was sitting looking over the script of her next day's scenes when Jacques walked into her dressing room.

"If anyone had asked me at that point what I asked Ginger after all she had been through, I would have annihilated them in one fell swoop!" Jacques related. "On top of everything else I showed up with a stack of 400 pictures to be autographed for fan mail! Ginger just looked at me and the stack of pictures in my arms in a dazed sort of way. She didn't pout or fly into a justifiable rage or put on a long suffering poor-little-me act. She just stood there staring at the pictures. Then in a perfectly reasonable tone of voice she said, "I know they have to be done, and I'm glad people want them, but just this once don't you think I could do just *half* of them tonight and let the other 200 go until tomorrow?' There she was, ready to drop with fatigue, yet willing to sit down and sign her name 200 times! And not so much as a cross look in my direction!"

A note of great pride filled Jacques' voice. "That's my boss for you!" she said.

Confessions of a Fallen Star

Continued from page 29

theirs that we don't see more of them. I've heard a lot of bunk about "class" distinctions in Hollywood, how a $1000 a week player won't "go" with a $500 a week-er and all that. Bolony! No, it's just that if you can't return champagne cocktail hospitality, if you can't return parties that make $3000 look anemic, you can't accept them, either. So, instead of the Troc and parties at Pickfair or at the Rathbones, my wife and I take walks in the foothills, or go down to the beach, the public beach; is what I mean, and play around. And when we walk in the hills or fool around on the beach, we say that the hills are our estate, as much our estate as if we owned the blimey acres, and the sea is any man's—so what's the odds?

Well, before I pipe this tune much longer, I guess the thing to do is to tell something about the Rise of Mulhall, being as a Rise usually precedes a Fall. What I mean is, it's all very well to say, "I got a high place and then I fell off it," but unless you tell how you got up there in the first place, it doesn't mean much. I'll begin by saying that I'm grateful I got kicked around plenty when I was a kid. I'm sure that to spoil a kid is to hand him grief on that silver spoon. Give a guy some callouses and when the knockout blows come his way they're more apt to glance right off his hide, without leaving scars.

I was born three miles from Hyde Park, up in New York State, not that the Roosevelts knew their Mulhall neighbors! And I learned two things when I was a punk kid: a great respect for my day-laboring father and the conviction that if blisters on your hands don't put dough in your pockets they do teach you to roll up your sleeves and go to it when the dough eels away. My folks were *working* folks. We moved to New York City when I was fifteen. Later, we moved out to Passaic, New Jersey. My first job was in a drugstore. All I had to do was the janitor work in the mornings and deliver orders for the rest of the day. Between times, the druggist explained, I could study the noble art of the apothecary and so "better" myself. One day, while I was behind the counter, bettering myself, I sold an old gentleman earwax instead of tooth-wax for his aching tooth. The druggist came in just as the old boy was spitting up the ear-wax and his opinion of me at the same moment, and between the two of them they talked me out of my job. I went away from there with a new and burning ambition: to punch the old gentleman in the nose. My next job was in an iron foundry. Those heavy-muscled, barrel-chested guys looked like men's men to me, the kind that could lick their weight in old gentlemen and get away with it. So I spent some months wrestling pig iron, straining at weights and curling up my lip at the white collar softies. And don't think that kind of training doesn't help a fallen star from having fallen arches!



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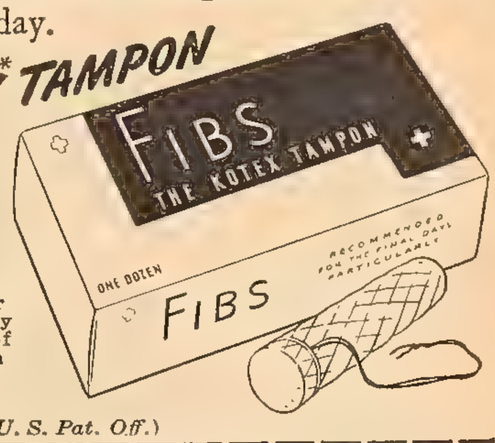
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Then I heard the music of a hurdy-gurdy one Spring night and I remembered what I'd never really forgotten—my first circus! Yep, my first circus is what started me on the road to Hollywood. Why, sure, that's what I wanted—to be in the circus—so then I heard the creaky strains of that old hurdy-gurdy and went out to investigate and found that a medicine show was set up next to the foundry, a "mud show," Miller's Carnival, it was called. I inched inside one of the tents and down I went under the spell of the smell of sawdust, of the wild animals. The foundry knew me no more. I told 'em I'd done things on the stage; I was a trouper, I said. I *had* done a couple of school plays, one or two things at the opry house in Passaic. Paul Revere's Ride was one thing I did, and I played General Grant in another skit, the General wearing a home-made beard. So I was embarked on my giddy career. I "barked" on the pulpit outside the show; I became assistant to the "strong man" who tossed me about like a ball; I pinch-hitted for the cigarette fiends, the tattooed man, the bearded lady; I toted water for the elephants. I was right-hand man to one Colonel Shelby, the Handcuff King, with his Electric Chair and his Mystery Box. *I* was the torture subject. On the side I was billed, often, as "A Sweet Southern Singer." Well, lemme tell you, folks, nothing in that life was anything like the life of a movie star, lolling around in padded portable dressing rooms, having your tootsies propped up between scenes and all that. We'd be stranded in tank towns. We'd be cold and hungry and wet. We'd strike it good and wolf for a few days.

All good preparation, this, for being a Lucifer of the Lens. I worked for some stock companies, too, and then, in 1910, my grandfather died and I came into a little money, about $800, it was, which was Big Money to me. I bought myself a diamond watch fob and took off for Europe, first class, by myself. I saw London and Paris and after I'd seen them I hocked everything I had and saw some more. It went kinda hard to see that watch fob go. I always was a bit of a dandy about clothes. Many a day I'd live on a ham sandwich but I always had that cane and that boutonniere. Well, that was good training, too, for a guy who was to live to see the whole works go. I often think the reason Gable and Tracy and Cagney are such right guys and stay put is because they, too, worked by the sweat of their bodies and knew the knocks before they got the bouquets. I got home, at last, by signing on as a coal stoker. I went over first class, I came back in the bowels of the ship. And that came in handy, too. Later on, I shovelled coal from Southhampton, England, to New York City. And when I sighted the Statue of Liberty I said, "Take down your light, honey, I'm home!"

So now I'm back in New York, penniless. But I'm back. Then I got a job in vaudeville, with Ned Wayburn. Between times I posed for artists like Leyendecker, Gibson, Flagg. Then I met Rex Ingram and he got me interested in these things called moving pictures. I did a little part with Bessie McCoy, can't remember the title of the thing. That was in 1913. We worked at the old Edison Studio, up on Decatur Avenue in the Bronx. And believe it or not, they were talking pictures. Only trouble was we sounded like a lot of gibbering apes. Well, for Edison I did all the odd jobs on the lot. I was one of the "wolves" in "Peter Pan." I was a "blind man" begging on a corner. I was on "officer" "in the distance." For my services I got just about enough to pay my room rent—sometimes. But the thing is, we loved it. We didn't think in terms of stardom in those days. There were no such things as stars. Those were the days of Bobby Harron, Tony Moreno, the Gishes, Blanche Sweet, Henry B. Walthall, Mabel Normand; days at the old Biograph Studio when you and I were young, Maggie; the days when D. W. Griffith was the King and none of us knew where we were going or what it was all about. That's why it's easier, no doubt, for those of us who belonged to that era to "fall" than it would be for a star of the present era. We never *expected* to strike gold. The stars who have risen in the past ten to fifteen years know that gold *has been struck* and they do expect to get their share of it. Those were the days when the pay was $25.00 a week, with two dollars a day for expenses when we were away from home. Those were the days when our ambition was: to get a check in three figures, join the Lambs Club, have an account at Brooks Brothers. I remember the day when Henry Walthall was raised to $100 a week and we all went down to the corner saloon and wondered how we could ever spend it! I've still got the first $100 check I ever got—cancelled, do I need to say!—framed and hanging on the parlor wall.

Yeah, we loved it, we all loved it. We still do. That's why we never "retire." That's why some of the big stars, with plenty of dough, the years creeping up on them, never retire. They often announce that they are *about* to retire but they never do. They can't. It's got 'em. That's why I'd rather do extra work in this business than take a "prestige" job in any other line. It's the old smell-of-the-greasepaint bromide and it's as true as salt. It's more than that with those of us who began the beguine—we've grown up with the kid, we were with him when he couldn't open his trap, we

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Screenland, Published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1939. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul C. Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of Screenland, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Paul C. Hunter, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Editor, Delight Evans, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Managing Editor, Delight Evans, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Business Manager, D. H. Lapham, 45 W. 45th St., New York City. 2. That the owner is: Screenland Magazine, Inc., 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Victor G. Heimbucher, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Matteson Industrial Corp., 1 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Paul C. Hunter, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1939. Edward A. Geelan, Notary Public, Rockland County. Certificate filed in New York County No. 782. (My commission expires March 30, 1940.) [Seal.]



Steffi Duna, above, plays CHIQUITA, café dancer, in "Law of the Pampas."

were with him when he began to talk—we can't quit him now! Not even when he quits us.

Well, the next year I played an important part in "The House of Discord" with Lionel Barrymore, Blanche Sweet, and Antonio Moreno. That picture set me up on the pedestal in the parlor! They began to talk about me and write about me. The sweet music of "Hollywood Is Calling" was in my ears. In those days we used to shuttle back and forth between Hollywood and New York. In 1914 I was in Hollywood. In 1914 the old Biograph went out of business. I had the choice of going back to New York or staying in Hollywood. By that time, I was married. The heir-apparent was on his way. I hadn't any money. I decided I'd better stay in Hollywood. I hadn't any money, as I say, but I had packed all my highest hopes in my knapsack. I had visions of big dramatic rôles down on their knees begging for me. But I was down on the bottom again. Hollywood didn't see me as a dramatic sensation at all. Hollywood saw me as a great gift to slapstick comedy. The Irish Mulhall map became a pie target. When the sight of blackberry pie made me squirm I decided it was time for me to quit. So Universal gave me $50 a week to play in all kinds of Westerns and underworld stories. The second week they raised me to $60. Before I knew what was happening to me they asked me would I like to sign a contract? I left the floor right then and there. I was to begin at $75 a week the first six months, $100 a week the next six months. Then Famous Players-Lasky offered me $200 a week. Now I was the Wonder Boy—why, Wally Reid was only getting $100 a week then! When Paramount put me under contract, and it was a fifty-two weeks contract, too, at $300 a week, or $18,000 a year, I began to look down on Morgan the Magnificent and the House of Rockefeller! I soon had $1500 saved up in the bank. I used it as a down payment on a little house, paid off the balance at $125 a week.

Well, the Star was sure rising—and it was rising like a streaking comet! I made "Molly O" for Hal Roach, with Mabel Normand. And my salary jumped to $525 a week. Lowell Sherman, God rest his soul, was in "Molly O" with us. I did "Should a Woman Tell?"—Jack Gilbert and I were in that together; I played the lead, Jack was the heavy. Well I remember one night when Jack and I were on location, at some little hotel at Laguna Beach. We got to bragging, as actors will. I said, "I'm getting $525 a week now and I'm going to get $1,000 a week for my next picture!" Jack was then getting $300 a week—well, when I said that I must have driven him crazy. He kept muttering it over and over and over: "$1,000 a week, he says, $1,000 a week, $1,000 a week!" Then out he went, pajamas and all, and didn't come back in all night!

The War had come along. I signed up for the draft but I had a wife and my kid, then, and I wasn't called. Well, then Wally Beery comes along—he made those war pictures and he was in terrific demand. When two or three companies are really bidding for you, as they were bidding for Wally, *things happen.* What happened was that salaries began to go up. The days of the Big Money arrived. And we can thank Wally Beery for the beginning of the big salaries. I played a heavy to Wally's juvenile, in a two-reeler for Selig, it was, forget the name of it. The breaks came hard and fast. "Within the Law" with Norma Talmadge; "The Goldfish" and "Dulcy" with Connie—and when you were with the Talmadges, in those days, you were sitting right where fame and the money bags meet at the crossroads.

Boy, was the Mulhall star rising! I was getting $1,000 a week for doing a serial at Pathé; $4000 a week for a picture at Fox. I signed a contract with First National at $2500 a week, with a rising scale calling for as high as $3500 a week. I worked with Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Dorothy Mackaill, Billie Dove, all of them—all of them were making thousands of dollars a week, too—all of us had rubbed Aladdin's Lamp and if the glare of it blinded us a little, you can't blame us too much for that. This was a Gold Rush town, a bonanza, and all we had to do was grab up our pokes and presto, we dwelt in marble halls, with minions to do our bidding, and that we didn't end up in padded cells is the wonder of it. Sure, it was work, hard work, too, but *not as hard as the work we were born and raised to, most of us.* Misfortune may get a man down but such fortune as that, so sudden, so without any precedent in the economic history of mankind was enough to send a man clean off his nut!

By this time I had married again. My first wife died when my son, Jack was four years old. Later, I married Evelyn Wians, my present wife. She was headed for a brilliant career of her own when she married me and gave it up to be Mrs. Jack Mulhall. And I'll say for her that she's been a wonderful sport. She didn't desert the sinking ship, not she! When she said she'd rather lose that genuine Bolivian chinchilla than have me lose my sense of humor, she just about said it all! Well, so picture followed picture and contract followed contract. Now we had our Beverly Hills "mansion," with all the trimmings; now we had cars, chauffeurs, butlers, white ties every night. I bought a lot of real estate, sold it, bought more. I bought one big chunk of a corner on Wilshire Boulevard worth over $300,000. I put $90,000 in it—*cash.* I invested in stocks, good stocks they were, too, at the time. I never got the big head, never forgot that it wasn't Mulhall making movies but Mulhall and a couple of hundred other guys. I never kept a book of my clippings and pictures in my life. But—we *were* in the Movie Star Class. We were "keeping up with the Jonesses" to some extent. And when the Jonesses happen to be named Fairbanks and Pickford and Colman and Powell and the such "to some extent" is enough to bust the bank at Monte Carlo.

So I slid along the greased years in my merry limousines. In 1931, at the expiration of my 1931 contract, I went to Europe

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with Mr. Hearst and his party. I was tired out, worked out, stale. I'd made picture after picture so fast I had to be shot in a rocket from one sound stage to another. I needed to get away. Besides, there'd be plenty of the same when I got back, I thought—so I went away. I didn't know that I would never come back. We motored through 14 different countries. We stayed at Mr. Hearst's castle in Wales. I saw everything I'd ever wanted to see. That trip is the highest spot in my life. I was sitting right on top of the world. I was on the crest. I was a Star. The Milky Way was my kitchen yard. Why, coming back from Europe I even won the ship's pool, $1380, that's how lucky I was!

I got back. I got back to Hollywood. I found a lot of new actors in town. *Good* actors from the New York stage. I came back to find that there was a New Face Deal on. I found out that they were not paying Mulhall any $2500 a week when they could get one of the new actors for $250 a week. I came back expecting to sing out, chipper-like, "Here we are!" Expecting them to sing back, "Mulhall's here, *get Mulhall!*" That's what they'd been saying, hadn't they, saying and paying for weeks and months and years?

But they *didn't* say "Get Mulhall!" Instead they were saying, "Get O'Brien! Get Cagney! Get Tracy!"

I thought, "This won't last. This is a phase." But it *did* last. It *wasn't* a phase. It's the kind of thing you can't explain very well because you don't quite understand it yourself. There isn't any pat explanation of what happened to me. I didn't get involved in any scandal and get ousted out. I didn't make a series of floppolas. I didn't grow fat or "age in the bottle." I just went away, in demand. I just came back and I wasn't in demand. I began to wonder whether I'd done a Rip Van Winkle and had been away for 100 years instead of seven or eight months!

It was pretty grim. No calls came in. No offers of parts or contracts. No agents "bothered" me. They all patted me on the back, the producers, directors, photographers, interviewers and—went on about their business which had ceased, abruptly, to be mine. I began to say, "I got to get to work!" People would give me the laugh. "If I had *your* dough," they'd say, easily, "I'd never work again!"

But there was a depression on, don't forget about that. There was a world depression and there was the Mulhall depression. Add the two together and minus plus minus equals minus. I'd spread out too far. Too late, I realized this. I had too many real estate holdings, too much of everything. When the pay checks were coming in, it was all right, I'd been able to meet those mortgage interests and other indebtedness. Now I couldn't meet them, not even half way. Not with a depression on, plus that New Face Deal. If the depression hadn't lasted so long I might have saved my corner on Wilshire Boulevard. I didn't save it. And $90,000 went down the drain. I might have saved my stocks and other holdings. But I didn't. I couldn't. The depression did last. I didn't get any work.

I began to live in the thick of process servers and subpoenas. It got so that the process servers knew me, as pal to pal. I'd ask them in for a cool libation. Once or twice they refused to serve me. They'd say, "Let someone else do it, old man, not me!" That's one grand lesson I've learned, thank God—that whether a man serves you with a process or a Napoleon brandy, asks you to sign your name to a gilt-edged contract or a court order, he'll *be* a pal if you're regular yourself.

I finally managed to get a part in a Mae West picture. I lasted four days. I was served with subpoenas every hour of every day. I was harassed and everyone in the studio was harassed along with me. The Big Boys said they couldn't have it any longer; it held up production, it wasted time, it disrupted things. I couldn't blame them for that. It did. I was let out.

I went into bankruptcy for $330,000. What else could I do? Then it was that I walked out of my Beverly Hills "mansion" as Spencer Tracy walked in. Then they stripped me of everything but my clothes. They took away my cars, my wife's jewelry, our furniture—from the New York galleries it was, too, most of it, beautiful stuff. I had some bad times, I won't deny that. At night sometimes, it was terrible. But I'd wake up in the morning again, and the sun would be shining, and I had to face it. Sure it was murder to see those things go. Not so much because of the things themselves *as* things but because they represented my youth.

I had to make a living. I had dependants. I couldn't be a star again, that was pretty obvious. Nor even a leading man. All right, maybe I could be a spear carrier, and then and there I decided that if I did have to be a spear carrier, I'd be a *cheerful* spear carrier! I'd do extra work, if necessary. I'd take bit parts. I'd take anything I could get and glad to get it. If I couldn't get anything in the business, from sweeping out sound stages up, I thought I might try for a job as a greeter at some resort—you know, "Come on in, girls and boys," nice and hearty. That would be nice, too. Whatever it was to be, I decided, I'd keep the brightness on my side. I wouldn't act frustrated and down in the mouth and defeated. By God, *I wasn't defeated!* I wouldn't put the bite on my pals. And what pals they've been, all of them—for months I'd never see Frank Lloyd or Ned Sparks that they didn't have their check books out, mine for the asking. I made up my mind I wouldn't be "sensitive." If I yelled out "Hi, there!" to some mogul I'd known when I was a mogul, too, and he didn't answer me, I wouldn't figure that he was giving me the ice, I'd just figure he had something on his mind and didn't see me.

I let it be known that I'd take anything, anything at all. Everyone had thought that my "pride" would stand in the way of taking bits. No, the only thing my pride stood in the way of was being a slug and doing nothing. Work, however humble or hard, couldn't scare me. So I began to get bit parts. One of the first was with Deanna Durbin in "100 Men and a Girl." I was one of a bunch of musicians. I was the only one among them who couldn't tell a harmonica from a saxophone but I was giving it all I had, the hands doing spasms, eyes rolling, the works. And Leopold Stokowski called down, "There seems to be only one musician who gets the idea at all—that old fellow over there!" "That old fellow" was me!

I've done bits, small parts in dozens of pictures, from such pictures as "The President Vanishes," "The Big Broadcast of 1935," down to "Ridin' the Range," "Amateur Crook" and now, with Deanna again, in "First Love." Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, here at Universal, have been swell to me. Everyone in the business has been swell. Sid Grauman spoke up for me. Fred Datig, casting director for M-G-M, called me over there often. Ed Mannix, one of the very biggest of the Big Boys in the business, not only has smacked me on the back but thanks to him, I now have a contract at M-G-M. Not one of the Gold Rush days contracts, you understand, but a weekly salary just the same. And there's that rent to pay!

Sure I hope to get back again some day. Yes, I do. I feel that maybe I can work into character parts this way. Maybe, sometime, really get something again. In "First Love" I'm playing Deanna's chauffeur, a bit part, but more than that, really, because the character has a part in the motivation of the story.

Sure I'm a fallen star, an ex-star—who has learned that between your ears is your whole world; that peace of mind is more important than all the luxuries in the world; that it's better for your health to be poor than to be rich; that it isn't the big home that makes for happiness, it's the people in it; that it's the attitude you take yourself that determines the attitude of other people; that if you've got a roof over your head, enough to eat, loyalty and friendship, you're a lucky stiff and that when the ax has fallen, it can't fall again.

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Q. WHY HAVE TOBACCO CROPS BEEN BETTER?

A. Because, even though crops vary with weather conditions, Uncle Sam's new methods of improving soil, seed and plant-food have done a fine job for the farmers.

Q. Do Luckies buy this better tobacco?

A. Yes, indeed — *independent* experts like Ray Oglesby tell you that Luckies always *have* bought the choicer grades of each crop. In fact, that's why Mr. Oglesby has smoked Luckies for 11 years.

Q. Do other tobacco experts prefer Luckies, too?

A. Among these skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

Try Luckies for one week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat, for "Toasting" takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. You'll also know why . . . **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



Have you tried a LUCKY lately?